

FUROR OVER NO. 1

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 28 1966 40 CENTS

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Mercury believes a man shouldn't have to buy
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Headlamps hide by day (top); automatic doors open at night (center). Sequential rear fare signals (bottom) point direction.



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We got our accounting people a little upset when we made this watch.

First we took a 17-jewel Swiss movement (one that was shock-resistant and had an unbreakable mainspring) and put it in a waterproof,* anti-magnetic case with a stainless steel back.

Then we set in a date ring. Then a day ring. Then luminous minute and hour hands. Then a sweep second hand. And, finally, the watch face itself.

By the time we got the crystal on, we had one heck of a watch. Which was fine, since the whole idea was to come up with a low-priced day-date watch good enough to be backed by the Bulova name.

But there was one problem. The low price. If we really kept it low, we'd have to sell an awful lot of watches to make it worth our while. And that's when we really shook up our accounting department. Because we decided to take the chance that we would sell a lot.

Complete at \$22.95
from Caravelle®
Division of Bulova

Contents

NOVEMBER 28, 1966 Volume 25, No. 22

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

22 An Upside-down Game

The vaunted epic clash between Notre Dame and Michigan State was most surprising for questions it didn't answer

28 Duel with Death on the Salt

In a maximum assault on the land-speed record, Art Arfons crashes at 610 mph

32 Billy Survives the Face-off

Casper becomes golf's leading money-winner for 1966 as Jack Nicklaus fails to catch him at Houston

38 If It Moves, Then Tape It

Injuries are a regular occurrence in pro football, and it is up to the trainers to glue the pieces together again

48 Untroubled Sport Called VAAGG

A proposal for a new way to play golf that is sure to outrage the very people it could help the most

71 The Boy on Bobby's Back

Detroit's Bryan Watson is not the NHL's best hockey player. He's just the best pest

84 A Wild Race to the Big Time

It is being run by stock car racing's Bobbi Allison, who will smash cars with any one

The departments

13 Scorecard	74 Pro Football
58 College Football	76 Bridge
68 People	101 For the Record
71 Hockey	102 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611; principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Linn, President; J. W. Brown, Jr., Treasurer; Edmund Barnes, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$4.00 a year. Mature personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year, all other \$10 a year.

Covers on page 103

Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL'S Special Issue has the first close-up portrait of Lew Alcindor, all the UCLA sophomores in color, scouting reports and a study of the big-man problem.

SOMETHING HAS TO GIVE in pro football's NFL, Eastern face in Cleveland fights it out with Dallas. Tex. Maule reports the big game and tells how St. Louis is doing, too.

HUNTING IN HUNGARY, and Czechoslovakia and Rumania, too, is fine—if you're loaded, both with bullets and money. Charles W. Thayer tells the story of the status partners.

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And here's what he'll be reading: TAXES (Estimate your next income tax due—or refund. Are you getting your money's worth? How can you manage your money to pay less tax? How can you get the best tax breaks on stock sales?) Map your own Hawaiian holiday. Winter driving problems that can happen anywhere. Gift for a lifetime—a vacation house. Plus dozens of other ideas for the family man.

**Circulation:
7,000,000**

BOOKTALK

A variety of subjects that may be of interest to the holiday shopper

Lawrence S. Ritter, a professor of economics has collected in *The Glory of Their Times* (Macmillan, \$7.95) the accounts of 22 eminent ballplayers describing their careers. The result is entertaining baseball lore, perhaps less weighted with significance than Dr. Ritter's preface asserts: "There was very little drinking in baseball in those days," said Babe Marquard, who never took a drink. Said Smokey Joe Wood, who won 37 and lost six games in 1912: "I was 22 years old, that's all." Sometimes the tape-recorded comments seem repetitive, as if all the players answered the same questions, but the good sense and good nature of most of the contributors—especially Walter Sam Crawford, Lefty O'Doul and Harry Hooper—make the book a durable contribution to popular history.

When the New York legislature set aside the Forest Preserve in 1885, it was stipulated that the land was to be kept forever wild, but since the state did not acquire all the land within the Preserve, the result was a patchwork of wilderness tracts alternating with crowded, privately owned resorts. *Forever Wild: the Adirondacks* (Harper & Row, \$20) is a gallant effort to make the scenic best of the wild areas. It consists of 82 magnificent color photographs by Eliot Porter and a two-page introduction that notes New York State owns only 2.2 million acres of the Adirondack Park's 5.7 million acres. But the brilliant closeups of rocks, lakes and cascading streams dramatize the treasure of natural wonders that the State has somehow managed to retain.

Government publications are usually printed with so little concern for appearance that *Birds in Our Lives* (Government Printing Office, 50¢) is doubly welcome—it is a handsome book, and it is also good reading. A joint product of the Fish and Wildlife Service and the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the book's 54 chapters sum up recent findings in migration, bird photography, the annual Christmas bird count—even new stamps carrying pictures of birds by experts in each field. This much information about birds is a little overpowering, but the tone of the book, at once informal and authoritative, is just right for casual reading.

Audubon's original watercolors for *The Birds of America* (American Heritage, distributed by Houghton Mifflin, \$75) have been reproduced in a sumptuous two-volume work of 431 plates and 852 pages. Previous

reproductions of Audubon's birds have been made from the engravings in the *Elephant Folio* of 140 years ago. Those in this book are so much brighter and bolder—and testify so vividly to Audubon's tireless inventiveness and audacity—that they constitute a rediscovery of his genius. It is difficult to think of a more beautiful book on birds or, for that matter, on natural history.

The Treasures of Horses by Walter D. Osborne and Patricia H. Johnson (Golden Press, \$14.95) is designed with large, widely spaced text, a gift in itself to all myopic refugees from paperback print. The publisher offers "a concise, not overly technical discussion of our essential knowledge of horses today." This simple statement tends to diminish the thoroughness of the author's research but somehow reflects the affection for horseflesh with which the book is presented. All breeds, from the classic Arabian right down to the "heavy horse" of America's farms, have been photographed in color.

Highlighted by nearly 500 photographs, 150 of them in color, *Faster Than Us* by David Douglas-Duncan (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$24) is the odyssey of a photo journalist—from Kansas City to the ends of the earth. Sights along the way include sheep with blue wool in Ireland, monstrous sea animals off South America, a jamboree of horses in Afghanistan, and many of the human faces that have made history in the last generation. The text is warmly autobiographical.

For the expert yachtsman with a yen to modify, design or simply learn more about boats, *The Proper Yacht* by Arthur Bever (Macmillan, \$10.95) includes a host-by-host analysis of a whole fleet of sloops, sails, keelboats, cutters and schooners complete with photographs of the boats in action, plans, cabin layouts and details of construction.

In *The Pioneer Story of World Sports Cars* (distributed by Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 634, New Rochelle, N.Y., \$4.25) Stuart Seager has outlined the evolution of sports cars from the German 26-hp Conquistador of 1898 to the Rover-BRM or Rover jet car of the future. Well-defined illustrations are in black and white.

From ancient times, when the 20-30 was used in the Far East and the Philippines as a lethal weapon, to our modern times of the miniature Atlas booster, *A History of Toys* by Annora Fraser (Delacorte Press, \$22.50), explores the where, when and why of the world's playthings, from rattles to rockets. The hula hoop, for example, goes back to the Greeks; knucklebones (jacks) were popular with the Romans. The book is beautifully illustrated.



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Fairlaner!

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The VW Fastback also has a few additional charms all its own.

It goes a little faster (84 mph). And it gets up there a little faster (10 to 70 mph

in 28 seconds).

There's a bit more room in the back (half of the fastback than there is in the bug). And a good bit more trunk space. In fact, a whole extra trunkful.

It even costs more (\$2843*).

But that's still nothing compared to cars that have most of their beauty where you can see it.



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Plan to have a ball in the snow, this winter. And just for the fun of it, be sure to invite a Bolens Diablo Rouge snow vehicle. There's nothing quite like a racy, rollicking ride on a Diablo Rouge to add healthy color to the cheeks of your family and friends. And to give them an entirely new appreciation of the appeal and excitement of snow-gliding—Diablo-style!

First with front-end traction, Bolens Diablo Rouge

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24-46



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WHERE TO BUY A BRUNSWICK BILLIARD TABLE FOR YOUR HOME

COLORADO

Boulder—Double R/E Sports Chalk
Colorado Springs—
Ranch Billiards and Sporting Goods
Denver—Dave Good Sporting Goods Co.
Denver—Gart Bros. Sporting Goods
Denver—Recreation Equipment Co.
Denver—Super Q Billiard Supply
Denver—Triangle Billiard Supply
Lawrenceville—Sage Music Company

ILLINOIS

Arlington Heights—Polo Bros.
Aurora—Crosby's Sport Store
Berwyn—A2R Sporting Goods, Inc.
Chicago—
Champion Distributing Company
Chicago—Gee Sports Center
Chicago—Hanson Billiard Supply Co.
Chicago—Lendon's Furniture & Appliances
Chicago—Polo Bros.
Chicago—Recreation Equipment Co., Inc.
Ely—Cot & Co. Inc.
Evanston—Polo Bros.
Evanston—Park Sales Company
Freeport—
Manning & Becker Sporting Goods
Glenview—Gale Ward Athletic Store
Geneva—Gutenderson Sporting Goods
Highland Park—C.A.S. Office Interiors
Joliet—Polo Bros.
La Grange—Polo Bros.
Lisle—Lindwood
Evanston—Park Sales Company
Moose Lake—Polo Bros.
Moline—Gay E. Temple
Peoria—Peoria Suppliers, Inc.
River Grove—Polo Bros.
Rockland—Rockford Sports Center
Streator—Polo Bros.
Springfield—Capital Kite Billiards
Urbana—Bales & Hines
Waukegan—Lee's Billiards Service
Waukegan—Polo Bros.

INDIANA

Bloomington—Southern Sporting Goods
Bloomington—Ziesel Bros. Co.
Evansville—Kuesters, Inc.
Evansville—S & S Distributing Co.
Ellettsville—J. S. Ayres Co.
Gary—Gary Bowling & Billiard Supply
Hammond—Standard Bowl
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres Co.
Indianapolis—Wm. H. Black's
Indianapolis—Cox & Curran
Indianapolis—Bob Earl's Pro Shop
Indianapolis—Em Roe Sporting Goods Co.
Indianapolis—Kerkhofs, Inc.
Indianapolis—Mr. & Mrs. Cox
Indianapolis—Dicks Paper Co., Inc.
Lafayette—The Sportsman, Inc.
Michigan City—Great Lakes Marine, Inc.
New Haven—Alfred Foot Equipment Co.
New Haven—Jack Haller
South Bend—The Billiard Ball
South Bend—Thompson's, Inc.
Twin Lake—Pattison Bros.

IOWA

Des Moines—Hagkins Sporting Goods
Des Moines—Youker's Dept. Stores
Sioux City—Sportman's, Inc.

KANSAS

Kansas City—
Bob Olson's Brunswick Pro Shop
Topeka—Gage Bowl, Inc.
Wichita—Thermon Funk Supplies

MISSOURI

Chester—James Barr
St. Louis—James Barr Stores
St. Louis—Ray George Co.
St. Louis—Shs. Beer & Fuller Stores

NEBRASKA

Omaha—Karschner Billiard Supply
Omaha—Nabholz Furniture Mart

WISCONSIN

Appleton—Gold Coshoe
Brookfield—Koh's Department Store
Green Bay—H. C. Prange Co.
Kenosha—Tyson's Sport & Marine
Madison—The Cue
Milwaukee—ABC Supply Company
Milwaukee—Chapman Sports Center, Inc.
Milwaukee—
Madison—Bowling & Billiards
Milwaukee—Partnership Pro Shop
North Fond du Lac—Berges Home Tables
Oshkosh—The Magnet
Wauwatosa—
Chapman's Sports Center, Inc.

Ask these 6 important questions before you buy a home billiard table

1. WHAT'S THE BEST SIZE? Depends on what you want. Miniature or toy tables (under 31 1/2" x 71") can be fun—but you won't get anything like real billiard action. Professional tables are 43 1/2" x 9' or 4' x 8'. If 4' x 8' is still too big, get a 31 1/2" x 7' ... and make sure it comes with 21 1/2" balls and regulation cues.

2. WHAT KIND OF BED SHOULD THE TABLE HAVE? The table bed must be rugged and flat. At one time, all good beds were slate; but, modern science has changed that. Brunswick's Permalene® and Levelite® beds give you all the playing qualities of slate—plus portability—at lower cost. These beds tops don't need leveling because we build 'em level to start level—and warrant them in writing against warp and sag. Of course, we have the finest slate tops, too.

3. WHAT TYPE OF CUSHIONS AND CLOTH ARE BEST? In 120 years of building fine billiard tables, Brunswick has yet to find an acceptable substitute for wool®. Are rubber cushions and good, wool® cloth. Our \$2,500 tables have them. So do our \$275 tables.

4. WHAT KIND OF ACCESSORIES COME WITH THE TABLE? All accessories should be regulation size and type to assure top playing qualities. Brunswick supplies costly, premium quality, American made, east phosoric balls ... sturdy hardwood cues ... bridge, triangle, and chalk.

5. WHOM DO I CALL FOR SERVICE? Most tables have warranties running from a year to a lifetime, but unless the manufacturer is around to back them up, they're worthless. A warranty that requires you to ship the table back to the factory is a nuisance. With the Brunswick warranty, if you need service, just call your local Brunswick dealer. He's authorized to handle everything.

6. HOW MUCH DO I HAVE TO PAY FOR A GOOD TABLE? Surprisingly, you don't have to pay a lot to get a good table ... a professional quality Brunswick table. Of course, we've got the world's most luxurious table ... at \$2,500. But for as little as \$275 you can put real Brunswick billiards into your home. See for yourself ...

There's a Brunswick Table Priced Right For You

MODEL	SIZE	TYPE OF BED	PRICE
Edgebrook VII	35 1/2" x 7'	Honeycomb	\$ 275
Edgebrook VIII	4' x 8'	Honeycomb	295
Brentwood VII	35 1/2" x 7'	Permalene®	365
Brentwood VIII	4' x 8'	Permalene®	395
Celebrity	4' x 8'	Levelite®	495
Monarch	4' x 8'	Levelite®	595
V.J.P. VIII	4' x 8'	Slate	795
V.L.P. IX	43 1/2" x 9'	Slate	895
Unlimited IX	43 1/2" x 9'	Slate	2,500

or make sure it's a

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SCORECARD

THE SHADOW (CONT.)

Accounts of betting coups in AFL games, which have been reported here for the past two weeks, are now making headlines. These accounts, and their implications, are particularly inopportune, the merger between the NFL and the AFL is to all purposes a *fait accompli*, the supergame is within rooting distance. It is, of course, possible that the fears are exaggerated: bookies are readily spooked and have been known to see things that aren't quite there. Indeed, one NFL official has compared their alarms to flying-saucer sightings. Whatever the case, this is not the occasion for mollifying clichés. No sport where big money is bet is immune to fixing—not even baseball. We trust Pete Rozelle will see to it that the investigation is rigorously continued. Moreover, at the earliest possible moment the public should be fully apprised of its findings. If the fears prove groundless there must not be any suspicion of a whitewash, if not, the guilty cannot be punished too severely.

THE BEST

Probably the most eloquent tribute paid Sandy Koufax came early last spring from Gene Mauch, the manager of the Philadelphia Phillies. "For the first couple of innings," Mauch said, "Sandy stands on the mound and fusses with his cap and rubs his hand over his brow and kicks at the mound until it is absolutely perfect. This is part of Koufax the true artist, and sitting on the bench you realize that he is getting ready to paint a picture that only he wants to look at. You send the hitters up and they come back and each time they throw their bats harder and higher and they say to each other, 'O.K., Clyde, forget it. He's got it again. Tomorrow, thank God, we get somebody else.'"

Honest pitchers admit that during the course of a season they have their "real good stuff" only four or five times; Sandy probably had his only once in 1966, and then it was with the help

of cortisone that he beat St. Louis in the last week of the season to put the Dodgers two games in front. Playing with a team that could score, Sandy certainly would have won 30 games each of the past two years. The most remarkable of all his achievements is this: from 1962 on he won 111 games and lost only 34, and in half of his losses the Dodgers got him out run or none.

Koufax retired last week at the age of 30 because of the pain in his arthritic elbow and, more important, because he knew he would never be 27-9 again, and he wasn't willing to settle for less. Not all of us can choose our endings, as it were; Koufax was favored and he chose a good one. We're going to miss him out there, but he'll miss it more. Oh, what an artist he was!

THE GREATEST

To Muhammad Ali, last week's bout with Cleveland Williams was just another fight, but for the working press it was a mass conversion. In effect, what they wrote was "I believe." Some agreed with Ali that he was the greatest, many admitted he was a hell of a fighter, and a few went so far as to suggest he really knocked out Sonny Liston in one round in Lewiston, Me. Welcome aboard.

As a matter of fact, the Williams fight was only Ali's third best performance. No. 1 was the first Liston fight in Miami Beach when he was, as he has said, like "Columbus sailing into the unknown." Not only did Ali make Liston quit, but he made a mess out of his great, glowering mush; from one combination alone Sonny had a mouse under the right eye, a six-stitch cut under the left. No. 2 was the one-punch knockout in Maine. This ranks below Miami Beach because in Maine Ali had Liston's number, and Liston knew it—empirically.

We caught on to Ali early in 1961, when he was 19 and had had four pro fights. He spurned two rounds with Ingemar Johansson on the Beach, and Ingo couldn't lay a glove on him. But

is Ali the *alltime* greatest? "There has never been another like him," says his trainer, Angelo Dundee. Granted, but comparisons between present and past fighters are never very satisfactory. Let's leave it that Ali is a genius who has transformed and elevated the art or craft of boxing, and that there may never be another like him.

POWER OF NO SUGGESTION

The new, seven-story Flagship Hotel in Galveston, Texas is built on a long pier extending into the Gulf of Mexico. Not long ago a guest admiring the view from his room on the third floor saw a large redfish going by—straight up. Its destination—the sixth floor, where another guest was fishing from his balcony.

Since it opened last year, the Flagship has been trying to dissuade its clientele from fishing. "It's about 40 feet from the first floor to the gulf," explains Manager Jack Bushong, "and the guests have to use heavy sinkers. In hauling them up, the sinkers frequently swing in and break the big plate-glass



windows in our dining room. It costs \$609 to replace one of those windows."

Now Bushong has come up with a solution. He removed from the dresser in each room the card that read, POSITIVELY NO FISHING FROM THE BALCONIES.

Says Bushong: "Apparently it doesn't occur to our guests any more."

FASTEST FASTBACK

Not everything went ka-pow! last week on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats. The day before Art Arfons smashed his *Green Monster* (page 28), Mario An-

continued



World's first
electric wrist watch
for ladies

TIMEX®

Companion to the
world's most popular
electric wrist watch
for men



The ladies' electric costs \$45.00. The men's \$39.95. A tiny energy cell provides a whole year of steady electric power for these electric Timex watches. Then? For less than \$2.00 you replace the cell and you're set for another year of steady electric accuracy.

Hertz has a competitor who says he's only No.2. That's hard to argue with.

Hertz

1. A car where you need it.

We're in big towns like yours. In little towns like Whitefish, Montana. We're at every major airport in the United States and at most of the smaller ones. In fact, if an airport is served by a commercial airline, 97 chances out of 100 it'll also be served by Hertz. Or by a Hertz office within 20 minutes of it. In all, we have over 2,900 places throughout the world where you can pick up or leave a car. Nearly twice as many as No. 2.



2. What kind of car would you like?

When you rent from Hertz, you're less likely to get stuck with a beige sedan when you want a red convertible. We have over twice as many cars as No. 2. We have Fords, Mustangs, Thunderbirds, Lincolns and everything else in between.

3. Who's perfect?

When you rent a car from us and our service is not up to Hertz standards—if we goof—we give you \$50 in free rentals.* Plus an apology. No. 2 gives you a quarter. Plus an apology.

4. Hot line.

When you're in one city and you're flying to another city and you want to have a car waiting when you arrive and you want it confirmed before you leave, we can do it. Instantly. In 1,031 cities. No other rent a car company can do this. The major reason we can do it is because we recently installed one of the world's most advanced reservations systems.

5. No. 2 says he tries harder. Than who?

No.2

1. We try harder.

2. We try harder.

3. We try harder.

4. We try harder.

5.

*If you are a member of the Hertz Rent A Car Club, you will receive 10% off the rental rate. If you are not a member, you will receive 5% off the rental rate. This offer is good for the first rental only. See your Hertz agent for details. ©1988 Hertz Corporation.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

DACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



management **Music Man.**

BUSINESS WEEK, you know, turns down subscription bids from non-management people. Occasionally, a human in our circulation department errs, and turns down the wrong man.

One such error was pointed out to us by Mr. Morton Manus, who enumerated the reasons why he should have been accepted: (1) He is President of one of the largest music-publishing companies in America. (2) His earnings are in the top 1%. (3) He is co-author of a best-selling guitar course. (4) He has a degree in business management. (5) He has employees who have subscriptions. (6) He owns a large house, two cars, and a color TV. (7) He has a wife and three children. (8) He plays tennis.

Of course, Mr. Manus got his subscription. His management responsibility entitles him to receive the magazine that exists only to help management. Welcome to the club, Mr. Manus. You fit our membership requirements exactly. However, we'd appreciate it if you'd keep it quiet about that guitar course.

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SCORECARD

dretti took a few rides at high speed, said, "Jeez, driving on salt is really fun, you guys," and set two national records. Andretti drove a \$50,000 creation that everybody called a 1967 Mustang fast-back—but only the nameplate was the same. The Autolite division of the Ford Motor Company had crammed a 255 cu. in. Ford Indianapolis engine in it, stripped the insides, poured alcohol in the tank—and away Andretti went.

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Autolite will exhibit the car at auto shows as the world's fastest Mustang, which no one can dispute, because no Mustang ever tried for these records before. "Actually, we hold three records," said one Autolite man. "We also have the world record for blue cars driven by small Italians."

WITH AVERTED EYES

Notre Dame tied Michigan State 10-10, as nearly everybody knew at 3:07 P.M., November 19. Among the ignorant few were some principled fans at the Memphis State-Cincinnati game in Memphis. Since Notre Dame-Michigan State was not being televised live in Memphis but on delayed tape, spectators in Memorial Stadium were able to watch it later at home. Feeling that their enjoyment of the telecast would be spoiled if they knew the outcome, a number of them pleaded with Stadium Manager Ruddy Wells not to announce the score on the public-address system. Wells compromised. The score was flashed on the scoreboard-message system preceded by the announcement: "Those who do not wish to know the Notre Dame-Michigan State score please turn their heads."

VERDANT TIDES

The San Juan Islands, which lie in Puget Sound, hold a peculiar position in the hearts of Northwesterners. Almost everybody considers them "his" islands, and with some justice. The state has set aside a dozen spots as marine parks, and even those who have never set course for Matsa, Sueia or Stuart islands have basked in the view of their rounded heights rearing up out of the inland sea. The fact that the islands are largely undeveloped (there are a few homestead farms, beach homes and modest resorts)

distresses Chamber of Commerce types, but that's the way Washingtonians like their San Juans—not much different from the "unknown labyrinth of verdant isles" described in 1791 by the explorer Francisco Eliza.

Then, last July, it was announced that about one-fifth of Guemes Island had been secretly optioned as the site of a \$100 million aluminum-reduction foundry. Stunned islanders first believed that Northwest Aluminum, a New York-Texas-Japanese firm, was indulging in some sort of monstrous ruse to distract attention from the real site. Who ever heard of industry on a San Juan island, where for a century labor had been confined to pursuits like salmon fishing, and where one must walk softly lest he startle the deer and blue heron?

However, its residents found out that Guemes is on Guemes Channel, which is ideal for giant cargo vessels, and that it is, further, handy to Bonneville hydroelectric power. Some 300 property owners, armed with little more than the conviction that the San Juans are intended for the gentle purpose of recreating humanity, banded together in a Save the San Juans Committee.

Last week these idealists suffered a setback: the Skagit County Planning Commission set aside the current residential zoning to allow construction of the foundry.

But all is not lost to progress. The Washington Supreme Court has ordered the county to withhold building permits until the Save the San Juans have had full opportunity for court review. This could take months, and Northwest Aluminum has a tight schedule calling for construction to start January 1. By then its options will run out, and it may be forced to turn to a mainland site or go out of state. Northwest is learning a fact of Northwest living: there are some values that cannot be hung with price tags, even \$100 million.

A PROFESSIONAL

Greatest Crawford used to tell Muhammad Ali that he couldn't call himself The Greatest because he was Greatest. Crawford was. His mother gave him the name. Until last week Crawford, a light heavyweight with a 15-7-2 record, had little renown, he was chiefly known to the champions and contenders with whom he frequently worked as a sparring partner. Last week in Canton, Ohio Crawford finally gained recognition of sorts: he was knocked out in the ninth round by

continued



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**GENERAL
ELECTRIC**

Marion Comtoes and died of injuries to the brain two days later.

Despite his lack of fame, Crawford was not an anonymous man. In fact, he was a singular man whose unique attire—a beret, a business-suit jacket, unmatching pants, a tab-collar shirt buttoned at the throat but no tie, heavy work boots—made him stand out even in a training camp. Furthermore, he was an aloof, slightly reserved person whose sense of dignity was as conspicuous as his thick mustache.

Last spring, when Crawford went to camp to prepare a champion for a title fight, he found he was supposed to live with two other sparring partners in a room the size of a closet. Crawford walked out on the job. "A professional fighter has pride," he said. "Nobody should push a professional fighter around, and I am a professional fighter." A few weeks later, Crawford had upset Milo Calhoun but was still hustling for a sparring partner's job. "These big wins are nice," he said, "but a man has to eat." But was boxing worth the pains and lumps, the short money, the disappointments? "Everything important takes hard work and pain," explained Crawford. "If I had spent the last eight years in a factory or shining shoes, then I'd probably have some money and a pretty good job. But I'd be a nobody. This way a few people know my name. I'm somebody. To me, that's important."

To us it's important that boxing starts caring about the Greatest Crawfords—the sparring partners who work with guys who outweigh them by 50 pounds, who go too many tough rounds in the gym too many years. Crawford's death was an accident, no one was to blame, but it wasn't inevitable. Let the boxing commissions concern themselves with the training camps too. As Greatest said, a professional shouldn't be abused.

THEY SAID IT

• Muhammad Ali, about the World Boxing Association's recognition of Ernie Terrell as heavy-weight champion: "I'd like them to check this organization known as the IRS because they recognized me as champion."

• Buzzy Bavasi, Dodger vice-president, on Sandy Koufax' retirement: "Where do I get another left-hander who can win 27 games with arthritis and pitch four no-hitters in four years and is Jewish?"

END



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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.



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AN UPSIDE-DOWN GAME

Collage football awaited an epic that was supposed to decide the national championship. But it all fell apart when Michigan State faltered after a fast start, and Notre Dame took the easy way out

by DAN JENKINS

Old Notre Dame will tie over all. Sing it out, guys. That is not exactly what the march says, of course, but that is how the big game ends every time you replay it. And that is how millions of cranky college football fans will remember it. For 59 minutes in absolutely overwrought East Lansing last week the brutes of Michigan State and Notre Dame pounded each other into enough mistakes to fill Bubba Smith's uniform—enough to settle a dozen games between lesser teams—but the 10-10 tie that destiny seemed to be demanding had a strange, noble quality to it. And then it did not have that anymore. For the people who saw it under the cold, dreary clouds or on national television, suddenly all it had was this enormous emptiness for which the Irish will be forever blamed.

Forget everything that came before, all of that ferocious thudding in the line that was mostly responsible for five fumbles, four interceptions, 25 other incompletions, a total of 20 rushing plays that either lost yardage or gained none, and forget the few good plays—the big passes. Put the No. 1 team, Notre Dame, on its own 30-yard line with time for at least four passing plays to break the tie. A No. 1 team will try *something*, won't it, to stay that way?

Notre Dame did not. It just let the air out of the ball. For reasons that it will rationalize as being more valid than they perhaps were under the immense

circumstances, the Irish rode out the clock (see cover). Even as the Michigan State defenders taunted them and called the time-outs that the Irish should have been calling, Notre Dame ran into the line, the place where the big game was hopelessly played all afternoon. No one really expected a verdict in that last desperate moment. But they wanted someone to try. When the Irish ran into the line, the Spartans considered it a minor surrender.

"We couldn't believe it," said George Webster, State's savage rover back. "When they came up for their first play we kept hollering back and forth, 'Watch the pass, watch the pass.' But they ran. We knew the next one was a pass for sure. But they ran again. We were really stunned. Then it dawned on us. They were settling for the tie."

You could see the Spartans staring at the Irish down there. They had their hands on their hips, thoroughly disdainful by now. On the Michigan State sideline, the Spartans were jeering across the field and waving their arms as if to say, "Get off the field if you've given up." And as the line of scrimmage the Michigan State defenders were talking to the Notre Dame players.

"I was saying, 'You're going for the tie, aren't you? You're going for the tie,'" said Webster. "And you know what? They wouldn't even look us in the eyes. They just turned their backs and went back to their huddle." Bubba had

hollered, "Come on, you sissies," while other Spartans were yelling at Parseghian.

Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian made the decision to end the so-called "game of the century" that way. The players only followed instructions, some of them perhaps reluctantly. "We'd fought hard to come back and tie it up," Ara argued. "After all that, I didn't want to risk giving it to them cheap. They get reckless and it could have cost them the game. I wasn't going to do a jackass thing like that at this point."

Thus ended a game that had been slowly built up for five long weeks into the biggest collegiate spectacle in 20 years. The last game to create such pre-kickoff frenzy was between Notre Dame and Army in 1946 at Yankee Stadium. That battle of the century was as full of as many fluky things as this one. It ended in an unsatisfactory 0-0 tie, with both teams claiming No. 1, and left thousands bewildered by the fact that such folklore characters as Johnny Lujack, Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard had not performed the one remarkable deed that would have decided it.

So when the 1966 season is over, who will deserve to be No. 1? Duffy Daugherty thought Michigan State should be 1 and Notre Dame only 1A. He then said he would even accept a "co-championship," thinking of the Spartans' lesser voting power in the polls. "Last year," he said, "we won on the field and lost at the polls." The reference was *enough*

Compounding a game of errors, Notre Dame Linebacker Jim Lynch lands on his head and fumbles after vicious tackle by State's Clinton Jones.



to Alabama capturing the AP award after the bowl games and slipping into a tie with the Spartans in the Football Writers' postbowl voting. Ara Parseghian, obviously, believed the Irish could outpoll Michigan State and everyone else, or he would not have been so willing to settle for a tie. Alabama's best chances lie ahead. So do Nebraska's. Both teams could wind up undefeated and, should one beat the other in a bowl game, the winner would have an 11-0

record to gladden against the 9-0-1 of Notre Dame and Michigan State, neither of whose schedules was *that* much fiercer than Alabama's or Nebraska's. Finally, there is mounting dissatisfaction with Notre Dame's policy of shunning bowls while at the same time gunning for a national championship, and with the irritating Big Ten rule that forbids a team from going to the Rose Bowl two years in a row. So long as Notre Dame and the Big Ten teams keep these

policies, they perhaps deserve to be outpolled by an Alabama—as punishment.

Last week's game was decided a dozen punishing times, it seemed, the two national powers heaping heroics onto boners, and vice versa—as Michigan State surged to a 10-0 lead and Notre Dame struggled back to the indecisive tie that was earned but unapplauded.

The game was marked by all of the brutality that you somehow knew it would be when such gladiators were to



be present as Michigan State's 6-foot-7, 285-pound Bubba Smith, "the intercontinental ballistic Bubba," a creature whose defensive-end play had long ago encouraged Spartan coeds to wear buttons that said KILL, BUBBA, KILL.

Bubba killed, all right. He killed Notre Dame Quarterback Terry Hanratty early in the first quarter. When Hanratty, a sensational sophomore for eight games, slid off right tackle on a keeper, Bubba Smith whomped him in the left shoulder

and separated it. He caught him just right, as they were falling. It looked as if Hanratty had been smacked by a giant swinging green door.

"That didn't help us any," Bubba said later. "It just let them put in that O'Brien who's slippery and faster and gave us more trouble. The other guy just sits there and waits, and that's what we wanted."

That is what Ara Parseghian wanted, too. Hanratty may sit and wait, but he

also throws deep better than O'Brien, though Coley O'Brien threw well enough to get the tie. Ara not only would have liked to have had Hanratty but Halfback Nick Eddy and Center George Goeddeke as well. Like Hanratty, Goeddeke was valuable, one of Notre Dame's more accomplished blockers. He went out with a first-quarter ankle injury, also courtesy of Bubba. But Eddy, the best Irish ball-carrier, never even got into the game. The Grand Trunk got Eddy.

The Grand Trunk is not another name for Bubba Smith. It is the railroad train that Notre Dame rode from South Bend to East Lansing on Friday. When the train arrived, Eddy fell off the steps right onto an already injured shoulder, and sophomore Bob Gladieux was quietly told that he would start the biggest game of the 1986 season at left half.

As Notre Dame lives with the tie in the weeks and months ahead, it will never forget these injuries and the alibis they strongly suggest. But the Irish do not exactly substitute with girls from Sweet Briar, and Coley O'Brien and Bob Gladieux—the new Baby Bombers, somebody said—did marvelously well. "Considering everything, I thought they played super," said Parseghian. O'Brien, who must receive two insulin shots a day for diabetes, hit Gladieux with a 34-yard pass on a deep pattern straight to the goalpost. The ball barely cleared a defender's fingertips but brought Notre Dame's touchdown in the second quarter. The score narrowed the Irish deficit to 10-7 at half time.

The combination of Eddy's injury and the pressure of the game made Notre Dame an extraordinarily grim-looking group upon arrival in East Lansing. Usually loose and smiling, the Irish checked into the Jack Tar Hotel beneath a marquee that said WELCOME TO THE BIG ONE, with frozen, dedicated expressions that for some indescribable reason did not spell confidence. End Jim Seymour, the startling pass catcher and outgoing personality of earlier Saturdays, was rapid, deeply concentrating. In the game itself Seymour was double covered so well all day that he was scarcely noticeable. He had one decent chance at a pass but dropped it.

The Irish should have been happy to leave South Bend, even on the Grand

continued



Regis Cavender scores for Michigan State after taking hand-off from Jeremy Rye (18)



Trunk, after the week of attention they got. On Monday there were dozens of reporters and photographers on hand, the number swelling each day. It was the same for the Spartans, of course. Both Parseghian and Daugherty had to hold daily press conferences and play the game over and over ahead of time. They certainly thought the game was an honor and a privilege. Parseghian said it looked like a product of Hollywood since Notre Dame was 8-0 and No. 1 and Michigan State was 9-0 and No. 2. Daugherty said it was a shame that such games come along only every few years in college football: that there could be one every year if the NCAA would only hold a football playoff. They said they were simply going to remind their players that Saturday was going to be one of the greatest days in their lives.

The two teams were so talented and physically imposing, and had beaten their opponents so easily, that it was impossible to foresee how the game would go. It was anticipated that neither could run much but that both could strike in the air if their quarterbacks had a spare second to get the ball away. No one wanted a freak play to decide it; everyone wanted a clear winner. The last thing anyone thought about, especially the coaches, was a tie. No, that was the next to last thing. The last thing was all of the mistakes that occurred.

It seemed the two teams would never settle down and begin to look like Nos. 1 and 2 instead of Nos. 42 and 43. Of the four passes Terry Hanratty threw before he met Bubba Smith, three were atrociously off target, one a simple screen that went into the turf. The runners went nowhere, primarily because of Webster, Linebacker Charlie Thornhill, Guard Jeff Richardson and Bubba. And Notre Dame failed to get off a fourth-down punt because of a poor snapback. Michigan State countered with a fumble, a delay penalty, a clip and a penalty for interfering on a punt catch. It looked like the big intramural game at Columbia.

One interesting thing had happened, though. On an aborted sprintout pass by Spartan Quarterback Jimmy Raye, a flighty junior with a mustache, State had seen something. Split End Gene Washington, one of the surest and fastest receivers in the country, had beaten the

Notre Dame deep defenders by 10 yards. Washington, the Big Ten hurdles champion, can outrun most people.

"I can look in a man's eyes and know whether I can beat him," Washington said afterward. "I knew I could beat those guys all day."

Near the end of the first quarter, on first down at his own 27, Raye called the play again. He raced to the right, stopped and fired a bomb. Washington got it for a 42-yard gain. Nine battering ground plays later, with merciless double-team blocking on Notre Dame's line tackle, Kevin Hardy, State scored. Regis Cavender, who was in for Bob Apisa, crashed over, and it was 7-0.

On its next possession in the second quarter, the Spartans scored again. Raye got away for 30 yards outside right end. And he hit Washington again for 17 yards to reach Notre Dame's 26. A couple more passes failed, however, and the Spartans had to be content with bare-foot Place-kicker Dick Kenney's 47-yard field goal.

Michigan State, though it continually appeared as if it might, never got beyond Notre Dame's 47-yard line the rest of the day. John Ray, Notre Dame assistant, felt he knew why. "We weren't getting out of our tracks in the first half," he said. "Maybe we were tight. We told our kids to just start hitting people."

Notre Dame's defense, led by Hardy and Linebackers Jim Lynch and Jim Horney, finished the day with a record of having jammed the talented Spartan runners for either minus-yardage or for no gain on no less than 16 rushing plays. Clinton Jones, of all people, was held to 13 yards on 10 carries, and this is the equivalent of stopping Cassius Clay at mid-punch. Jones and Jim Lynch came together in what may have been the loudest collision of the game. Lynch intercepted a Raye pass and stormed upfield, only to be met by Jones. The half-back hit him at the knees as Lynch tried to hammer into him simultaneously. In the next instant Lynch was turned a perfect flip. He landed on his headgear, fumbled and Jones recovered. The dizzy play, one of many, enabled Michigan State to keep possession and subsequently to get its field goal.

Then, late in the third quarter, Coley O'Brien cranked up a Notre Dame drive that looked like it would surely send the

Irish ahead 14-10. With Jim Seymour decoying, he passed to Rocky Bleier for nine yards and to Fullback Larry Conjar, whose blocking was evident all day, for 18 yards right over the center. He passed out in the deep flat to Halfback Dave Haley. Short runs by Haley, Bleier and Conjar moved the ball to the Michigan State 10. With third and three—one of those calls that makes Ara chew his gum like a rabbit—O'Brien tried to pass but did well to scramble to the line of scrimmage. Joe Azzaro then came on to kick the 28-yard field goal that tied the game.

By now, with slow subtlety, the look of things had changed. Michigan State, certainly the better team in the first half, did not seem so sure anymore. Notre Dame had come back. A break or something freaky would decide it now and the wrong team would win. Whoever it was would be wrong. You knew that.

Instantly, the play that should have settled the game did in fact happen. Notre Dame Safety Tom Schoen picked off a wild Jimmy Raye pass—unlike the Irish, the Spartans gambled—and skittered back with it 31 yards to the Spartan 18. Anyone who thought the Irish would pull something besides three straight Larry Conjar plunges and a winning field goal from about the 10- or 15-yard line was in a closed world somewhere.

Conjar did run on first down. He dug out two yards. But now what's this? Here's Haley going wide to the left on second down, and here's Phil Hoag, completely unmolested, knifing through with Bubba Smith to crack him for an eight-yard loss! The ball isn't on the 16 anymore; it is back on the 24. Now O'Brien fails with a frangible pass and it is fourth down. Joe Azzaro's field-goal try has to be from 42 yards out. It is a couple of feet off to the right, and the swoon of relief in Spartan Stadium makes the structure lean a little.

"That Haley play," said Parseghian, a total wreck in the locker room after the game. "That was just leakage. We leaked a guy through—blew an assignment." He stared down at the floor. "Damn," he said.

And back outside the Notre Dame door, a pretty Michigan State coddling through the tunnel looked blankly at her boy friend. "Damn," she said. "Damn, damn, damn." **END**

Matching field goals: barefooted Dick Kenney put Michigan State ahead 10-0 before Notre Dame's Joe Azzaro (30) lifted the game-tying kick.

DUEL WITH DEATH ON THE SALT

After days of probing the Bonneville Salt Flats, Art Arfons fired up his jet car, the 'Green Monster,' for a maximum assault on the land-speed record. Crashing at more than 600 mph, he somehow got out alive **by BOB OTTUM**

It is late afternoon on Wednesday, and Art Arfons walks out on the Bonneville Salt Flats. The wind is blowing 12 mph—too hard for an assault on the land-speed record. Art puts his hands in his pockets, walks awhile, and counts another day wasted. It has been that kind of week, beginning on Sunday, when Arfons arrives with a convoy of helpers, tire experts and timers.

On Monday night Art is sitting at one of the booths in the Western Café

("Open 24 Hours") with a dusty plaid shirt over his fireproof racing coveralls, spooning up thick homemade soup. "First thing I do when I get back off from the salt flats every night," he says, "is to call my wife, June, in Akron. And, every night, first thing she says to me is, 'Don't go fast and come on home.' Boy, I sure didn't go fast enough to scare anybody today."

This is his idea of not fast enough; he has made three runs on the desert out-

side Wendover, Utah, and on the last one, at 3:55 p.m., hit 561.620 mph through the measured mile. The world land-speed record is 600.601.

"I gotta set the record tomorrow," he says, "because you know why? Well, every night we have two guys from the crew to sleep out there on the flats with the car—to sort of keep her company—and tomorrow night's my turn. It gets pretty damn cold out there."

Craig Breedlove and Spirit of America

On the eve of his record attempt, Arfons waits the salt flats in somber concentration. He is on a hot-rodd strip; the land-speed course is beyond.



hold the record now. But Craig and Art have swapped it. Arfons has had it three times before, at 434.02, at 536.71 and at 576.553 mph. Since getting it back last year, Breedlove has indicated he thinks this whole series too dangerous a game. He does not care to come back unless Arfons breaks the record again.

But, 40 years old, a handsome man with curling black hair and Indian cheekbones, Arfons is working at doing just that with a frightening sense of purpose. He has installed dual rear wheels on the *Maverick* and cut away the rear wheel coverings to make room for the thick, fat tires.

In the 7 a.m. light Tuesday morning the flats lie silent in blue-gray air. As daylight comes up, the salt turns dull silver. There is no sun and it is 41°. Arfons paces back and forth, looking right

through people, hands jammed into his pockets, and shoulders hunched up against the cold. He is wearing stained tan pants pulled on over the coveralls, his plaid shirt over that, and his lucky leather jacket. He will not race without the lucky jacket. It has saved his life in several crack-ups.

Under a canvas canopy held up by poles hammered into the salt, the Green *Maverick* looms up lumpy and looks like a giant jet engine—which, in effect, it is. It is not entirely green. The nose is red, and there are white bands along the sides. The high tailpiece, there more for show than any real stabilizing effect, is green. The rest of the car is a J-79 jet, the kind used in F-104 Starfighter planes; it has 17,500 horsepower and four-stage afterburner. Around the engine is an envelope mostly made of fiber glass, and

there is a small bridge cockpit on each side. Arfons rides in the left one, on a red-and-white-striped reclining seat. The entire cockpit is lined with fleecy white nylon carpeting—the kind you put on bathroom floors. The car is open at both ends, the air goes in there and it comes out here.

The crew ties the *Maverick* to a station wagon with a canvas strap and tugs it out onto the salt flats. Art walks all around it while the Brexstone engineers kneel down by the tires, testing air pressures. "Let's go, you guys," he says. Ed Snyder and Bud Groff, his crewmen and best friends, stand near him. Groff is the only man allowed to help zip up the lucky jacket. Groff puts down the green carpet that Arfons stands on while he changes from boots to his driving slippers. Groff always wipes the bottom of

continued



Art's shoes so he won't get any salt into the cockpit.

Arfons settles down and hooks up his shoulder straps. He is so tightly wedged in that the top of the cockpit canopy, when it is closed, presses down hard on his crash helmet. He nods at the crew, and they fire up the car.

Now the *Monster* crewmen and tire engineers run and jump into several cars and burst ahead of Arfons down the salt. They take up stations a mile or so apart, well off the course. Each car contains a first-aid kit, fire extinguishers, crowbars and an ax. Each man watches tensely, intently. Except for Ed Snyder. He cannot bring himself to look. He ducks his head and listens. An ambulance plane takes off from the salt and flies down course.

Ahead of Arfons lies a 10-mile-long black line painted across the salt. The entire straghtaway is 12 miles long—although he could roll farther if necessary, into a salt-slushy area at either end. At mid-course is the measured mile, where electric eyes catch the car as it streaks past. United States Auto Club timing equipment is in a small house trailer off to one side.

Arfons is starting his run at the two-and-a-half-mile marker because he plans to reach speed sooner than Breedlove—who started half a mile beyond the zero mark and took longer to accelerate. Arfons does not want to spend that much time at top speed. "The longer you're going fast," he says, "the more things can go wrong."

Alone now, sitting to the right of the line with his left wheels almost on it, he revs up the *Monster*. The engine spews boiling air that makes the mountains in the background dance in a shimmering haze. Art lifts his foot off the brake. The *Monster* leaps away, leaving a dull roar behind it, and then, behind that, a strong thump of air and then a sound that rums along the ground after the car is gone. Flashing over the horizon, trailing a plume of salt, the *Monster* vanishes.

At the far end, Arfons gets out of the car and walks around it. The crewmen come up, slamming on brakes and skidding their cars into a ragged semicircle around the *Monster*. They all gather in tightly, but nobody asks Art how fast he went. This is very bad form. Everybody knows it was not fast enough. Then, across the salt, wavering against

the horizon, a white station wagon starts to take shape, rolling toward them. It is Joe Petralli, USAC chief timer, with the official times written on a scrap of paper torn from a yellow ruled legal pad. He gets out and walks directly to Arfons, and the crowd gathers around in a tight knot. This is Petralli's big moment on each run, and he always stages it for special effect. He will not report to anyone but Arfons.

"You were 436.047 through the mile," Petralli says, "and 394.382 through the kilo." He does not add any editorial comment. It is enough. Arfons nods and turns away, kicking at the salt with his toe.

The kilometer (five-eighths of a mile) is the vital portion of the run for Federation Internationale de l'Automobile records. When the course is run from north to south, the kilo clocks are at the far end. The two speeds that Petralli has brought mean that the car has not been accelerating through the mile but losing speed. Running north, Arfons would have to go considerably faster. Under FIA rules he must begin a run in the other direction within one hour for there to be an official speed, which is the average of the two runs.

Then Art walks back and explains to the crew. "I shut her off in the middle of the mile 'cause I seen I didn't have it." Everybody nods solemnly and goes back to work.

They turn the *Monster* around, and Arfons tries again. 524.934 through the mile and 507.932 through the kilo. Then again: 541.924 through the mile, 555.346 through the kilo. He is through for the day.

Wednesday is a wasted, worrisome day. Arfons needs extra cartridges with which to fire the drag parachutes that help slow the *Monster* from high speeds. A charter plane bringing them is delayed. It does not arrive until an hour before sundown, when the wind is blowing up strong. Anything over 5 mph is too risky for land-speed assaults. Art wants to go anyway, but Petralli talks him out of it. Art goes out onto the flats to walk and consider his predicament.

At dinner in the Stuzhine Hotel and Casino, Arfons thinks things out and makes some decisions. He will go out at daybreak next day in the still morning air. He will start farther back, at the two-mile mark, kicking the *Monster* a three-mile run into the first measured-mile

clock. He will throw on second-stage afterburners.

The part about the afterburners worries the crew. These are jet nozzles that pour raw fuel into the engine and give it absolute, stark acceleration. Art has never before had two burners lighted, only one.

That night, Helicopter Pilot Bob Hosking, a giant, close-cropped redhead, has a nightmare. Hosking has been flying a photographic mission over the course and has seen the *Monster* run. The nightmare is of Arfons crashing, the *Monster* rolling end over end, one of its wheels bouncing high into the air and through the helicopter rotors.

Everybody assembles on the flats in the blackness of 5 a.m. on Thursday. By 8 a.m. the *Monster* is on the line, pointing north. The crew is stationed down the line, every man tensed. Down below the measured mile Hosking and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Photographer Eric Schweikardt are hovering in the helicopter, waiting.

At 8:03 a.m. the *Monster* rolls away. Arfons lifts his foot off the brake and switches on both afterburners. The car suddenly coughs a stream of yellow fire, gives a huge, rolling thump and roars away.

Arfons blasts through the mile at 583.366 mph and through the kilo at 589.597, still accelerating. Down course, a few hundred yards outside the flags, he has 610 mph.

In the corner Eric sees the *Monster* drift to the left of the black line. Then, sickeningly, it veers to the right and starts to roll.

"It first flipped over on its right side and then—suddenly—it was upside down," Eric says later. "There was an enormous puff of flame in the middle of it, and then Hosking began to crank the helicopter down on top of it."

"The *Monster* came out of the first roll, and it still had all its wheels. But it landed hard, right side up, and suddenly one of the wheels bounced high into the air toward us and almost went through one of the rotors. The wheel was almost as high as we were."

"The car was exploding in pieces on all sides. Then a parachute blossomed

continued

Down on D-day: Arfons' crewmen make the "Monster" ready for attempt to try at the record.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT





out of the smoke. The car went end over end, twice. It landed on its side and began to slide, twisting. It slid forever, kicking up salt."

Hosking slams the copter down. In the wreckage Arfons lies in the cockpit, his face streaming blood. The canopy has been torn away, and, groaning, he is trying to unfasten his shoulder straps.

A strong chromoly steel bar is twisted across Art's chest, pinning him into the wreckage. Hosking grabs it with both hands and, with one giant heave, pulls it away and bends it straight into the air. The rest of the crew comes spinning up. "Someone handed me an ax," Hosking says, "and I chopped the bar away at the weld. Then I reached in and got my hands under Art's shoulders, and they felt mushy, like both his collarbones was busted. Smoke was coming up from the wreckage, and he kept putting both hands up to his face."

Firestone Public Relations Man Jim Cook, who has gone white with shock, helps carry the stretcher to the ambulance plane and climbs in. He is sure Arfons is dead. "What do you think?" Cook asks the doctor.

From under the mummylike wrapping of blankets Arfons speaks: "I think I'm all right." Then: "Will you call June and tell her I'm O.K.? She didn't want me to go fast."

Cook, stunned, says, "Uh-h, yes."
"How's the car?" Arfons asks. "Can she be repaired? Bend her up pretty bad, did it?"

"Tell you the truth," says Cook, "I didn't even look at it. But I guess it's pretty well shot."

The *Monster* is a ruin. Everything is broken. Sections of the body have peeled away grotesquely. Iron mementoes and wires are spilled out. Along the salt flats behind it the *Monster* has painted fresh streaks of red and green paint and a path of amber. Bits of wreckage are strewn in a two-mile line. The steering wheel, an airplane type, is wrenched upside down.

With the ambulance plane gone, everybody looking at the wreckage knows Art Arfons has to be dead. But in Salt Lake City, in the police ambulance, he lies in the stretcher and says, "Now, listen, you guys. Don't drive this thing too

fast to the hospital. We don't want to get into an accident."

"He couldn't had the record," says Joe Petrali, back at the flats, with nobody now to show his little slip of paper to. "He would have stepped her up just a little on the return run and he couldn't had it."

At the hospital Thursday evening, everybody has gone but Cook and one newsman. Art lies on the bed with fat cotton swatches taped over his eyes. In the accident, upside down and with his goggles ripped away, he had skidded along the salt on his face. Both cheekbones were rubbed raw, and the crash had pounded salt up under his eyelids and scraped the corneas. His face is swollen in huge, red lumps.

"You saw me get upside down, huh? All I know is that I looked up and saw I had drifted to the left of the lane, and I figured it was the wind, so I corrected her. Maybe I overcorrected. . . ."

He twists uncomfortably on the bed. "Thing that really saved me is 15 pounds I gained from eating too much. I was crammed into that cockpit so tight I couldn't even move a muscle. You there, Jim?"

Cook nods and touches one of Art's forearms.

"Leather jacket saved me, you see? Not a scratch on my arms or body, huh?"

"Right," says Cook, blinking his eyes. "Jim?"

"I'm still here."

"Hey, Jim. I think maybe I'm gonna fly back home and not drive, huh?"

"Hell of an idea," says Cook.

The next morning Art gets up and goes home, the bandages still on his eyes. On the plane to Akron, against doctor's orders, he pulls the bandages off. "Don't want to scare June," he says. On Saturday, with June at his side, Arfons—despite his wounded eyes—somehow manages to watch the Notre Dame-Michigan State game on television.

This is not the end of the story. The world land-speed record is still Breedlove's, but it is not safe. Arfons will be back again, as soon as he can assemble a new *Monster*.

"I know June's against it," he says. "And it will take a little while to get her all calmed down. But. . . ."

He shrugs, like a man who aches all over.

"Well, damn. I got this other jet engine in my garage, and. . . ."



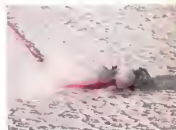
Hurting out of control, *Monster* trails chaos.



She stands on her tail in end-over-end dips.



Wheels fly; then she stops, a smoking rust.



His car grotesquely damaged and his hopes struck down, Arfons is carried off on stretcher.



BILLY SURVIVES THE FACE-OFF

The biggest issue at the Houston tournament was not so much who won—Arnold Palmer did—as it was whether Casper could hold off Nicklaus and emerge as golf's leading money-winner for 1966

by ALFRED WRIGHT

The leading money-winner commands the most respect in golf," Jack Nicklaus was saying the other day. "It may not be right—making the leading money-winner the year's foremost golfer—but it's the way we evaluate ourselves. It is what the public is looking at, and it is the only yardstick we have that is printed in the newspapers every week. So it must be what the public is interested in."

Indeed it is; so much so, in fact, that last week the race to be the top money-winner of 1966 threatened to overshadow the best new professional golf tournament to come along in years. The event was the Houston Champions International, a tournament that has replaced the old Houston Classic and has moved some 20 miles out of town to the velvety fairways of Jimmy Demaret and Jackie Burke's new Champions Golf Club. Originally the event was scheduled for early May, but when a Texas-size deluge washed it out it was rescheduled for one of the final weeks of this dying season. With its enormous prizes—\$21,000

to the winner, \$13,000 for runner-up, \$8,000 for third and then a gradually declining scale beyond the fourth-place money of \$5,150—Houston seemed almost certain to determine whether Jack Nicklaus, who had won \$110,221, could overtake Billy Casper, who had earned \$120,747, in the golf tour's financial sweepstakes.

Fighting his game, and a swing that had suddenly deserted him, Nicklaus did not even come close. After four rounds of indifferent scoring by both men, they emerged at even-par 284 and in an inglorious tie for 19th place, which merely added \$1,197 to their previous totals and left Casper with undisputed possession of golf's money crown.

As it turned out, the most interesting money move of the week was the one made by Arnold Palmer, who shook off the last-round jinx that has plagued him all year and won the Champions' \$21,000 first prize. He did it in his last-gasp fashion of yore, sinking a 12-foot birdie putt on the final hole to overtake Gardner Dickinson. It had been so long since

Arnold had made that kind of putt that not only he but his army had forgotten what it felt like. They all knew, however, what the rest of the back nine felt like—Palmer in a deep ravine at 13 and escaping with a par, Palmer bunkered at 14 and saving a par, Palmer bogeying 15 to lose his lead. And then came the must birdie at 18 that tied Dickinson, who minutes later bogeyed the same hole to lose by one stroke.

Palmer not only won, he showed some of his best golf in years and continued a hot streak that started in Australia and lasted more than a month, the Champions being his fourth fine tournament in a row. On Friday night, after a second-round 68, he casually asked if there was any way he could catch Casper in the money race. Told that there was not, he said, "Well, maybe I'll set an alltime record next year . . . more than \$150,000." And he laughed—sort of.

His Champions win did, in fact, enable Palmer nearly to catch Nicklaus in the cash race. It raised Arnold's 1966 earnings to \$110,467, a somehow unex-



pected total when you consider how many people have been assuming his career is in eclipse. But Casper is the uncatchable man at Houston, and, without a doubt, the 1966 golf season belongs to him.

Casper's ascension to the top rung of professional golf should come as no surprise to anyone who has followed his progress through the past decade. Only once in the last nine years has he finished out of the top four on the money list. That was in 1963, when an injury kept him out of action for the three lucrative summer months and he dropped to eleventh. In 1958, his fourth year as a playing pro, he was second to Arnold Palmer with the then plush total of more than \$41,000 in winnings. In each of the last two years he has won more than \$90,000 and finished third, once behind Nicklaus and Palmer and once behind Nicklaus and Tony Lema.

These impressive figures notwithstanding, the golfing public has appeared to regard Casper with an indifference rivaling the boredom with which they greet, say, Winchester Cathedral. Were it not for such offstage irrelevancies as his anti-allergy diet of buffalo hamburgers and hippopotamus steak and his recent conversion to Mormonism, Casper might still be a relatively obscure figure in a sport that belongs to the more flamboyant personalities of Palmer, Nicklaus and Gary Player. Yet, in his quiet, work-

aday way, Casper is the only one of the four who has twice won the ultimate prize of American golf, the USGA Open championship. And his lifetime winnings of just under \$600,000 are second only to Palmer's three-quarters of a million.

Casper, it might be said, plays Gielgud to Palmer's Olivier. The subtle perfection of his performance never sets a gallery on edge, as do the hair-raising escapades of a Palmer seeking salvation in the face of imminent disaster or a Nicklaus with his feats of nearly superhuman strength and power. Even when his game is off, as it most assuredly was in Houston last week, Casper will call on his deep reserves of technique and cozy the ball around a golf course so unobtrusively that you scarcely know whether he is breaking the course record of failing to break 100.

Casper arrived at Houston after a two-week layoff, following an exhibition tour of Australia and a second-place finish in the Hawaiian Open. At home in San Diego he scarcely touched a club. He started the tournament after only a couple of practice rounds on a terribly demanding course he had never seen before. "I just don't have much feel in my clubs," he said after his first three rounds of 69, 70 and 73—a total of one under par that left him in a tie for 19th. "I still don't feel comfortable when I stand over the ball, but that sort of thing always happens when you haven't been playing." Even so, during those 54 holes he reacted

all but eight greens in regulation figures. What was hurting him was his putter. He was averaging more than 33 putts a round.

A couple of years ago, an ordeal such as Casper was going through at Houston, with his entire year's achievement seemingly hanging in the balance, would have had cataclysmic repercussions. An enormous storm cloud would have formed over his head, and people wisely would have avoided him. As it was, he contemplated his performance, particularly that of the third round which was ragged enough to upset a dozen, with startling equanimity. This remarkable transformation in his personality and attitude he attributes entirely to the two key developments of his career—his new health and his new religion.

Until midsummer of 1964, Casper was a roly-poly fellow, whom people often mistook for being jolly fat, though his spirit was moody then. Then came the allergy tests and, eventually, the diet, and his weight dropped from 220 to 165. His health and his disposition improved in inverse proportion to his weight, but his stamina did not.

After about a year on the diet, Casper discovered that many of his allergies were beginning to disappear, and during the past eight months he has gradually started to eat a great many of the foods—eggs, wheat, various starches—that had been proscribed. "I have had to eat like

continued

mad," he says. "to get back the weight I needed." Some of his colleagues, who are unaware of what has recently been going on with the diet, still make little jokes when they catch Bill rubbing a salami sandwich or some other grubby object, but he has his weight back to 180, where he would like to keep it.

Meanwhile came the conversion to Mormonism on January 1st of this year. This rather extreme development put the

finishing touches on the new Casper. When Bill attends a golf tournament these days, only part of his week is devoted to his profession. At Houston, for example, he spent Tuesday evening at the Brae Burn Country Club, where his old friend, literary collaborator and host, Don Collett, is the home pro, conducting a Mormon "fireside." The following evening he did the same thing at one of the local Mormon wards. Frequently

Casper will arrange such meetings three or four times during the course of a tournament week.

"Before my wife, Shirley, and my two older children and I were baptized in the church," Casper explains, "I felt a void in my life. I kept wondering, What is the overall plan? Now I know that if I can devote myself to God and lead a godly life, I can eventually find a way back to the celestial kingdoms with our Heavenly Father. By talking to other people about my experiences in life and how they relate to the Gospel, I have developed an inner strength and a peace of mind that I never felt I had before and doubt that I ever would have had. Now I feel that I have spiritual goals that are even more important than my materialistic goals, and that golf is not the most important thing in the world."

A completely uncontrived example of Casper's convictions is to be found in the schedule he arranged for himself for the week following Houston. Even if the tournament had ended with Nicklaus in a position to overtake Casper as the year's leading money-winner with a victory at this week's Cajun Classic, Bill intended to skip the Cajun. He had already made arrangements to appear at several church meetings, and he had no intention of canceling these commitments to achieve a materialistic goal, even one he wanted so badly.

Nicklaus, in his own way, approached the Houston championship with an almost equally rigid set of standards. Last month he bypassed the \$57,000 Hawaiian Open even though he was in the area that week en route from Australia to the Canada Cup matches in Tokyo. "The way I look at it," Jack reasoned as the Houston event began, "if you can't be the leading money-winner by following the schedule you have set for yourself, you shouldn't make it at all. I figured I needed a week off at the time of Honolulu, and I wasn't going to rush frantically from tournament to tournament at the last minute just to be leading money-winner. However, I might go to Lafayette next week, if I'm just a few thousand dollars behind Casper. I figure if you're that close, you ought at least to take a shot at it." "Listen, Jack," joked Gardner Dickinson, "What you ought to do is contribute \$100,000 or so to the Cajun purse, and then go win it."

The incentive to win the title might not

continued



Winner Palmer comes out of the woods, a place he has spent much time in this year.

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have been quite as great for Nicklaus as it was for Casper, because Nicklaus had already owned the honor for the past two years, and, as he has indicated, he does not think that earnings should be the only basis for determining the year's leading golfer. "I feel," he said at Houston, "that the difference between official and unofficial money is confusing, and most people don't understand it. Also I would prefer it if we were on some kind of a point basis, more or less like the Ryder Cup points or the Masters points—so many points for winning and on down the line, with all tournaments counting the same no matter how big the purse."

Like Casper, Nicklaus was having his difficulties with the Champions course during the week when so much was at stake. Laboring away on the practice tee late Saturday afternoon following a third-round 70 that left him in a tie for 13th and only two unhelpful strokes ahead of Casper, Jack ruminated on his problems. "I don't know what happened to my swing," he said, "I just suddenly got positioning myself wrong and swinging terrible. Part of it might have been the small ball that we were playing in Australia and Tokyo, but suddenly, on the last few holes at the Canada Cup, I started making some really horrible swings. The problem has stayed with me all through the three rounds that I have played here, and I've just been trying to keep the ball in the fairway any way I can. The funny thing is I haven't been missing many fairways. But my swing is awful."

Driver in hand, Nicklaus then proceeded to hit some lovely shots with the help of a few suggestions from Burch Baird, one of the younger pros on the tour. "Boy," said Jack, "I wish I'd had that swing out there today. Well, maybe it will stay with me tomorrow. I'll need it." But the next day the good swing had vanished once more.

In the long run, the Casper-Nicklaus contest should turn out to be nothing more than a lightningpate to a tournament that may someday rival the Masters itself in prestige and pleasure. The event's beginnings, not incidentally, owe a certain similarity to the founding of the Masters, if you take into consideration how the times and the atmosphere of golf have changed in a quarter of a century. Like the Masters, Houston has started out as a player's tournament run by players. In much the same way that

THE ROUTE THE LEADERS TOOK TO RICHES

In 1986 Casper played in 21 official-money tournaments, Nicklaus in 17, and both were always in the money. Here is an event-by-event record, showing finishes and winnings.

	CASPER		NICKLAUS	
Los Angeles Open	5	\$3,059	—	—
San Diego Open	1	5,800	—	—
Lucky International	13	1,158	—	—
Phoenix Open	17	882	—	—
Doral Open	—	—	14	\$1,850
Citrus Open	—	—	2	8,813
Jacksonville Open	—	—	8	2,420
The Masters	10	1,770	1	20,000
T. of Champions	3	8,000	5	4,250
New Orleans Open	7	3,250	3	5,150
Colonial Invitational	29	838	—	—
Oklahoma City Open	—	—	3	3,700
Memphis Open	—	—	4	4,650
U.S. Open	1	25,000	3	9,000
Western Open	1	20,000	—	—
Minnesota Classic	6	3,433	—	—
PGA Championship	3	8,333	22	1,400
500 Festival	1	16,400	—	—
Cleveland Open	—	—	13	1,700
Thunderbird	17	1,400	2	12,600
Insurance City	3	6,250	—	—
Philadelphia Classic	13	2,150	2	13,000
Portland Open	2	3,900	6	1,616
Canadian Open	12	1,756	27	651
Sahara Invitational	7	3,250	1	20,000
Hawaiian Open	2	4,125	—	—
Houston Champions	19	1,197	19	1,197
TOTALS		\$121,944		\$111,419
AVERAGE FINISH	CASPER: 8.1		NICKLAUS: 8.3	
TIME IN TOP 10	CASPER: 14		NICKLAUS: 11	
STROKES PER ROUND	CASPER: 70.4		NICKLAUS: 70.6	
EARNINGS PER START	NICKLAUS: \$6,754		CASPER: \$5,006	

Bob Jones's presence and participation made the players feel they were among their own at the Masters, so does that of Burke and Demaret at Houston.

Champions is a golf club without irrelevant frills. The modern, single-story clubhouse has one large and airy common room for drinking and dining, and a huge, L-shaped locker room so comfortably appointed that members are in danger of forgetting heath, home and office. Throughout the week, touring pros, who normally flee a golf course at the conclusion of a round as if the place were under napalm attack, were lounging around the locker room until well into the evening, replaying their shots and listening to Demaret explain how the AFL was going to humiliate the NFL in the Supergame.

Burke and Demaret have created a

course among the oaks and pines of southeastern Texas that easily ranks as the outstanding achievement in golfing architecture since World War II. It is a tight-driving course with enormous, softly undulating greens that can be nerve-racking to read. Its flexibility is such that it can be stretched from 6,231 to 7,118 yards. That it yielded as many sub-par rounds as it did last week was due in part to its flawless condition, and in part to the leniency of PGA officials in the placement of the tees and pins.

"If every tournament were like this one," observed Bob Rosburg, a crusty veteran of the circuit who is somewhat frugal with his approbation, "I would never leave the tour." Especially, one might add, when \$111,419 isn't enough to make you golf's leading money-winner.

END

With Joe Namath of the Jets it is, of course, the knee. Ditto Tucker Frederickson of the Giants. Miami's Rick Norton has a fractured jaw, and Green Bay's Paul Hornung has an aching shoulder. Milt Plum of Detroit, knee, out for season. Pat Fischer of St. Louis, knee, most of season. Et cetera, et cetera and so forth. Pro football is a game played by exceedingly large men who appear to be prime (almost as a stockman would use the word) physical specimens, but appearances are deceiving. Indeed, there are few other professional groups, sporting or otherwise, so many of whose members endure such poor health.

On any pro squad at any given time during the season there usually are several men who are totally unfit and half a dozen more who are partially incapacitated. The remaining players, though theoretically sound, normally will be given some sort of daily physical inspection and care. Additionally, there are few activities in which the physical condition of the participants is taken so seriously and is so widely discussed and analyzed.

To begin with, football fans, sportswriters and commentators fret considerably about the condition of Sunday's heroes. At least, this must be the assumption, since many Monday-through-Saturday pro football stories are eventually gussied-up sick-call reports that could be holed down to "Carrowski will not [or will or may] be ready to play on Sunday." Then there are the theatrical men, horsemen, lawyers and others who own professional football teams, the coaches who coach them and the press agents and ticket men who sell them. In the fall of the year such folks become as solicitous about the health of a Carrowski as a mother hen for a single chick. All of which tends to create the pall of hypochondria that hangs over professional football. (By hypochondria I mean nothing nasty; only what the hot-off-the-press unabridged *Random House Dictionary* says the word means: "excessive worry or talk about health.")

IF IT CAN MOVE, THEN TAPE IT

A pro football dressing room resembles an emergency ward, yet, thanks to the trainer, men who cannot walk without wincing can sprint 90 yards for a touchdown

by **BIL GILBERT**

The closer one gets to the player-victims (say, as close as a professional football clubhouse), the more medical the atmosphere becomes. Though it is crammed with huge, muscular men, a football locker room suggests in many ways an emergency ward of a hospital in a small town that has been struck by disaster. There is not a single professional who does not wear at least one strip of bandage (and many of them are wrapped like mummies) underneath his uniform. Furthermore, the gait, reactions and manner of many players are those of accident victims. Big, 250-pound-plus linemen who on Sunday will toss equally massive opponents about like Scots throwing cubers will wince when tapped gently on the back. An end who may in public sprint 50 yards with a touchdown pass will walk in private in a slow, stiff shuffle. A defensive back whose job it is to leap high in the air to intercept passes goes down a stairway like an octogenarian, holding onto the railings to keep the weight off his aching, brittle ankles. These young men are not putting on a cripple act for histrionic or neurotic reasons. They do indeed hurt and are accident victims, because football is a game of hurts and accidents.

"The truth is that pros are subpar physically," says one physician who long has been associated with professional football. "Football is not as dangerous a game as it once was, due principally to safer equipment, but it is not a healthy game. Appearances are deceiving. These

boys are able to put on amazing performances on Sunday because during the rest of the week they get intensive care and physical therapy.

"When a pro gets turned down for military service you will hear a public outcry. But the service examiners know what they are doing. These boys can be treated and propped up so they can play 30 minutes a week of outstanding football, but many of them would collapse if they had to march eight hours without special medical attention. The Army needs normally sound men.

"I have considerable practice with retired pros, and as they get older you find just how unsound they are. They are pained, handicapped, even incapacitated by old injuries to muscles, ligaments or joints. There are weight problems for many of them. A good game weight is often overweight for normal activity. But when they leave the game they will tend to get heavier. This will affect the back, the heart, their general level of activity. This game does not promote good health in the short or long term, but then that is not the objective of professional football."

Not only do the players have a lot of legitimate occupational aches and pains but they seem to talk and think about them a lot more than, say, accountants think about headaches, carpenters about

continued

ENGULFED in an avalanche of medical supplies—tape, bandages, cotton balls, hypodermic needle, salt tablets, crutches and diarrhea machine—Redskins Trainer Kuczo pops up for air.



mashed thumbs or even writers about their ukeers. When, as they often do, one pro greets another with the question, "How's it going?" he does not mean it as a rhetorical conversation-opener. He is asking for and will get a clinical answer. "The swelling is down from yesterday," the second man will answer, referring to a damaged ankle, knee, hip, back, neck, wrist, elbow, shoulder or something else.

The pros as a rule are as knowledgeable and articulate about their own medical history as Edward Gibbon was about the affairs of ancient Rome. As, for example (to paraphrase broadly): "I had shin splints at the beginning of training camp. That was about the 12th. On the 14th I pulled slightly in the left calf. I couldn't scrimmage for three days. Just before the exhibition with the 49ers my hangnail flared up."

Within the professional football establishment is a small group of men who are directly and professionally concerned with how the players feel, how healthy they are and how healthy they can be made to be. These are the team trainers and their assistants. (Professional clubs also retain physicians who are on hand for games to deal with and diagnose field-of-action injuries and who are otherwise available for continuing medical treatment and consultation. However, after the muscles have popped, the blood has dried and the fractures have been set, it is the trainers whose day-to-day job it is to get the pieces of the football machine back in running order. Trainers do not train—they repair, rehabilitate, bend, prop and strap athletic bodies so that others, the coaches, can train them.)

One of these trainers is Joe Kuczo, attached to the Washington Redskins. At 9:30 one morning early this season Kuczo's gleaming, antiseptic training room under the D.C. Stadium stands is already full of Redskins getting ready or being gotten ready for an 11:30 practice session. In one corner of the training room a little running back is carefully shaving his legs with an electric razor, while an enormous lineman waits his turn to do the same. Nor is this a fetish peculiar to these two. Though bulging with muscles and often scared, the games of every player in the room, from calf down, are as hairless as those of a beauty queen. The reason for this is immediately

obvious. On each of three surgerylike tables sprawls a Redskin, while a trainer binds his ankles and lower legs with strips of adhesive tape. From July through December this is almost a daily getting-ready ritual: putting on the tape in the morning, taking it off in the afternoon. For the tapes, it is clearly a matter of shave or suffer.

The ankle-leg wrap is the hallowed foundation bandage of a football player, and applying it is certainly the basic move of a trainer. For Kuczo and his two part-time assistants (one of whom is Tom McKenna, the head trainer of the Washington Senators), lacing 50 rolls of tape a day around 80-some legs is almost an automatic process. "If it moves, tape it," is their motto.

Kuczo's own way with an ankle is not so much to wrap it as to sandwich the member. A layer of grease and gauze pads goes against the skin. ("I used to have trouble with blisters," he says, explaining the pad-jelly recipe, "but doing it this way we'll go sometimes a whole season without a blister from wraps.") Then he lays vertical strips of tape up the leg and binds the whole shebang round and round with a cast of tape. This creation is called a speed tape job, requiring about two minutes a limb to apply. McKenna and a young assistant trainer tape the Kuczo way, as do a number of others across the country who have learned Taping I and II working under him.

After the 80 or so legs are lashed up, the trainers turn to fancier work. Kuczo spends 10 minutes on two custom tape jobs. A protective pad is laid meticulously on the expensive foot of Charlie Gogolak, the place-kicking specialist. Tom Goosby, a guard with a fractured lower rib, is swaddled in bandages until he looks like a fly caught by a spider that can spin tape-and-elastic webs.

There are four defensive backs with assorted ailments. The number of wounded in this specialty group is apparently not extraordinary. "We get more of them than linemen," says Kuczo, plugging one of the contingent, Tom Walters, into a whirlpool. "They're smaller men, and when they hit and get hit they've got more momentum than big linemen. And they have to be in real good shape or they're not effective at all. A couple

of steps slower for them may mean the ball game. Now, take a lineman. He can have a hamstring pulled from here to breakfast. He couldn't run 100 in 20 seconds, but he doesn't have to. We'll tape him tight and he'll give the coach a pretty good game, or at least part of a game."

Three of the backs—Walters, Paul Krause and Jim Shorter—are suffering from aches, pains, bruises and stiffness of a sort which, though not serious medically, could be serious in the two-steps-and-there-goes-the-ball-game sense. Kuczo has at them with unguents, tape, whirlpools, diathermy, ultrasonic-sound machines and other devices. "Twenty years ago we were rubbers," he says of his trade, manipulating the complicated dial panel of a gadget that sends prickles of presumably healing sound into sore muscles. "Now we're automated. With these machines, cortisone shots, muscle relaxers and antibiotics, you hardly do any rubbing at all. Oh, once in a while, maybe before a game, I'll work on Sonny [Jurgensen, the Redskins' veteran quarterback], but not for any real reason, just because he's at the age where it feels nice to him."

The fourth back, Rackie Harris, a slender, normally speedy corner man, has a thigh sufficiently sore to make his participation in the forthcoming game doubtful. Together, Kuczo and Harris, as intent and detached as mechanics peering at a defective drive shaft, examine the leg.

"It's some better," says Harris as Kuczo rotates the limb. "Going forward it's good, but backward it hurts. Here," he points assuredly to a spot six inches above the knee, "a little deep."

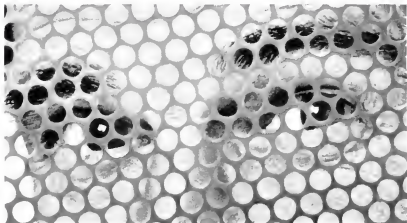
"Rackie, I'm going to tape it pretty good today. Watch your cutting out there. It's wet. Do what you can and check back," Kuczo says and proceeds to encase the leg in ointment, gauze and tape.

"That's going to slow me, Joe," Harris protests of the constricting bandage.

"Sure it is today. That's the idea. This is Thursday, remember? You get paid for Sunday. We want you to go to Pittsburgh."

"Time," lectures Kuczo, taking as his text Harris' leg. "That's what counts. His leg would have healed in two weeks or so naturally, but that would have meant he missed two games, at least."

continued



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When he is finished with the walking wounded, Kuczo gives some attention to men on the injured reserve list, a designation which means that for medical reasons and because of league rules they will not play for at least a month. One of the long-term rehabilitative cases is Tom Michel, a young running back who has not played a minute for the Redskins because of an injured knee. Michel is a square, stocky, soft-spoken boy who wears on his knee a fairly common athletic badge, a broad red welt of scar tissue, the by-product of corrective (hopefully) surgery. You do not see as many cut knees as shaved legs in a locker room but you see a lot of them, the knee being a particularly vulnerable athletic joint. (In all sports, the failure of the knee has probably curtailed more careers than any other type of injury.) "Sometimes it seems like football players should get their knee cut before they ever try to play," says Michel ruefully.

Michel takes daily therapeutic laps up and down the ramps in the stands. Sometimes he feels that he has almost made a career of stadium sprinting and dealing with trainers and surgeons. Signed by Minnesota out of East Carolina College, Michel played four games as a rookie for the Vikings in 1964, tore the ligaments in the knee and sat out the rest of the season. Corrective surgery left the knee still weak in 1965 ("I could do 100 in 10 going straight out, but I couldn't cut right," explains Michel clinically), and he was released by the Vikings. Returning to Washington, his home town, without any NFL affiliation, Michel spent a good part of the 1965-66 winter hanging around Kuczo's Georgetown University training room. "I was shy about it," says Michel, a very earnest young man, "but Joe said if I wanted to work he'd give me as much

work as I could take. He did. He had me lifting weights with the leg, doing exercises and running, and the knee felt great."

The knee seemed great enough for the Redskins to sign Michel as a free agent prior to the season. Two weeks into pre-season training it popped again and Michel went back to where he had been for the better part of three years—the training room. "It was a freak," Michel says sadly of his latest injury. "I was cutting good and my cleats caught. It could have happened to anyone. I understand that's what happened to Johnny Morris of the Bears this year."

"There was no connection between this and what happened to him before," says Kuczo, flexing the scarred knee. "And it is going to be as good as ever. You know why?" The question is asked rhetorically, exhortatively, enthusiastically. "Because this boy really wants to play football. It's like everything else in life. If you want something you've got to work for it. How does it feel today, Tommy?"

"Strong, Joe, really strong," says Michel and hustles off to the stadium steps.

"That," says Kuczo admiringly, "is the kind of boy you pull for. If some of these hotshots had his attitude along with their talent and knees, they would be alltime everything."

A few minutes before practice time, Otto Graham, the Redskins coach, stops by the training room. Harris, the limping corner back, is pulling on his pants over the heavily taped leg. Graham nods at Harris and looks at Kuczo. What is on the coach's mind is so obvious that there is no need to speak.

"He's coming along," Kuczo says carefully. "If nothing happens in the next 48 hours, he should be able to run almost normally. Maybe he could take it a little easy on that wet field today."

Graham nods in agreement and asks, "Gooshy?"

"He hurts a little, but if you need him he'll be mobile."

"More than anything else, what makes a good trainer is a coach that trusts him," says Kuczo after Graham leaves.

"If a coach is second-guessing a trainer because he thinks the players are being babied or is afraid to use boys the trainer

has okayed, he will push his trainer into making mistakes, rushing boys too fast, holding them back when they could go. But that usually happens with inexperienced trainers and inexperienced coaches. After 25 years I like to think I know what I'm doing, and I'm going to stick by my judgment. Nobody goes out of this room until I am sure he's ready."

"It's no problem," Graham says emphatically of coach-trainer relationships. "I don't second-guess Joe on injuries any more than he would second-guess me on how I run the team. If he says a boy is out, he is out, period. If he says a boy can play, I expect him to play. The only place I make a decision is if Joe would say so-and-so can maybe go today, half-speed, for a little while, but by next week he should be 100%." Then you have to play it by ear, use the man or not, depending on how the game goes.

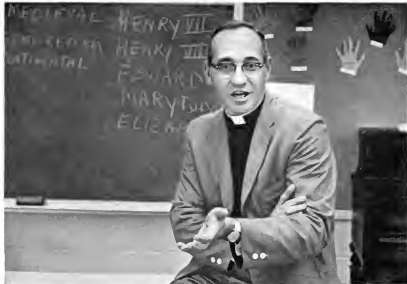
"There's one other thing that a good trainer can do," says Graham. "The boys will come into the training room and gripe, talk over their problems and relax as they can't with their coaches. A trainer can be a chaplain, a psychiatrist, a safety valve."

In due course Kuczo, Graham and his collection of football players arrive on a Sunday in the locker room at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, to get ready to play against the Steelers. For three hours Kuczo and his crew work steadily, rapidly, wrapping all the ankles, Goosby's rib, Gogolak's foot, Riddle Harris' thigh, and selected spots on defensive backs and others. The players apparently have too much free time on their hands. They jitter and flutter about the small training room like so many 250-pound butterflies, now obviously suffering, along with everything else, from nerves.

Fred Mazurek, a punt and kickoff returner, spends the better part of half an hour feverishly taping, untaping and retaping two fingers of his right hand. Every now and then Mazurek calls frantically for more tape, wider tape, narrower tape, which the trainers supply noncommittally.

"Boys you never hear a word out of all week get high as a kite before a game. All you can do is humor them. One day in Baltimore one of them just about had a breakdown because we ran out of a certain kind of salt tablet. It was cold, so he didn't need salt

continued



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TAPE IT *continued*

tablets any more than he needed wings, but he thought he did. He decided he couldn't play without them, and maybe he couldn't have. I sent somebody in a cab to a drugstore. It cost six bucks but it was worth it."

Carl Kammerer, a 240-pound defensive end, binges up and down the crowded training room beating a mallet-size fist against his anvil-size palm, muttering to no one in particular, "I'm ready, I'm ready."

Bobby Mitchell, a notable pass catcher, is doing a stand-up comedy routine, a bit on how the lot of baseball players is happier than footballers. "You know what you see every time you go into a baseball dressing room?"

"What do you see, Bobby?" asks Kuezo, playing the straight man as he tapes.

"You see bubble gum, man, cases of bubble gum, free bubble gum. You know why we never get any bubble gum?"

"Why don't we have any bubble gum, Bobby?"

"Because," Mitchell whispers conspiratorially. "Those bubble-gum people send it up to New York for Pete Rozelle to test. You damn well better know that right this minute Pete Rozelle is sitting up there with a big wad of bubble gum in each cheek—our bubble gum," shouts Mitchell as though ready to lead an immediate assault on the commissioner's office.

The other half of the prime Redskin battery, Sonny Jurgensen, sits very quietly in a far corner of the training room talking dreamily about the mountains of his native North Carolina. "The thing is, out there you can go off by yourself and be absolutely alone, not see anyone. More people ought to do that. The reason we don't is because we're afraid to be all alone. We're getting terrified of ourselves."

Even for a before-the-game comment, it is an odd and thought-provoking remark coming from a young man who has earned considerable fame and fortune by making an exhibit of himself before 50,000 or so people every fall Sunday for the past 11 years.

In another corner Dr. George A. Reita, a Washington surgeon and a pioneer sports-medicine man who is the Redskins physician, has set up shop and is principally engaged in needle work. He jabs an occasional syringe full of a muscle

continued

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relaxer into a tight shoulder or thigh, but the real hot hypodermic item is a B-12 vitamin solution.

"Reduces fatigue and the possibility of cramps," says Resta of the drug. "We tell them about it, but it's up to them whether they want the shot or not. Now today practically the whole team has got one. You know what that means?"

"What does that mean?"

"That means we will win. They are up for this one. They want every little bit of edge they can get. I can always tell."

At 1:30 the Redskins sprint onto the field, looking from a distance as healthy, vigorous, poised and calm as any group of men you will ever see. So much for illusion.

It is dazzling on Forbes Field, and Kuczo, as he checks his ice bags, oxygen canisters and other sideline paraphernalia, watches the weather disapprovingly. "These sleppy days are bad for pulls. They don't get warmed up right, coming in off the bench."

"Of injuries to the cervical column and neck, whiplash is the most common," lectures Dr. Resta, apropos of nothing in particular, appearing a bit nervous himself before the kickoff. "Followed by knee injuries. Head injuries as a class are potentially the most dangerous. Also for some reason," Resta continues, "you usually get more injuries in the first half than the second. I'm not sure why, except maybe they don't hit as hard later on."

As the afternoon wears on, Resta comes on very strong as a prophet. The Redskins eventually win, vindicating his B-12 pick-the-winner system. There are seven Redskin injuries requiring medical attention, six in the first half. The first one is a banged back, the second a twisted knee. Some of the accidents unquestionably smart but none are so serious that Resta and Kuczo cannot make on-the-field repairs that enable the players to continue. Immediately after the game, in the training room, there is a preliminary medical roll call, which turns up several bruises, minor strains and dents. Though slinging, limping and grunting a bit in victory, none of the 40 bodies appear to be severely damaged. And so the Redskins return happily to Washington for another week in Joe Kuczo's fix-it shop, there to be heated, needled, rubbed and taped so that they will live to fight another Sunday.

END

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Having invented VASSS, the scoring system that takes the love out of tennis, the author now turns to greener pastures by advancing outrageous proposals that take the hate out of golf

by JAMES VAN ALLEN



If you were to bet that 90% of the people who play at—and note that I say “play at”—golf cannot break 100 without cheating, you would make money. You would, that is, if you could find anybody foolish enough to bet against you. Cheating, of course, includes conceding yourself three-foot putts, improving your lie in the rough, grounding your club in the bunker and playing winter rules when the sign by the first tee says *SUMMER* just as plain as your reflection in a water hazard.

What this means is that despite endless lessons, graded woods (one to four), graded irons (two to 10), a golf bag big enough to house an elephant, glove, cap, shoes, windbreaker, goose-neck putter and aerodynamically flawless ball, 90% of golfers are still hackers.

This is a sad state of affairs, and it is a lucky thing that the vast, unhappy and yet blindly dedicated army of 7.2 million hookers, slicers, toppers and three-putters who make up the lower 90% of the golfing fraternity never analyze golf as it relates to their own game. If they did they would be queued up for miles around the George Washington Bridge waiting for their turn to jump into that big lateral water hazard that borders Manhattan.

I do not mean to imply that hackers are insensitive about their golf. Quite the contrary. Many is the time I have seen the blood drain from a duffer's face and his eyes bug out as he sees the first drive he has connected with all day sail out-of-bounds, or his best approach shot catch a bunker. I have shared these emotions. I understand them. I commiserate. What is more, I intend to do something on behalf of all of us who suffer them.

Anyone who contends that these tribulations subconsciously give pleasure to the average golfer is talking through his Freud. The effect on the human nervous system approximates that experienced by a mountain goat hit by a soft-nosed

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hullet fired by a concealed hunter. He knows he has been hit, but by what and from where he has no idea. The only difference between me and my wounded brothers is that I do know what has hit me and where the hullet comes from. And I say that if golf as now designed cannot bring happiness to 90% of its players, the game needs changing.

My theory is that it must be the setup of the game and not the golfer's poor play that is the cause of all this weeping and gnashing of teeth. Maybe the game is geared too high for the lower 90%... maybe the penalties, such as bunkers, water hazards and out-of-bounds, are too severe. Perhaps the 90% are penalized 90% more per capita than the upper 10%. The problem, as I see it, is how to make pleasure out of torture for the majority of golfers.

In exploring this provocative possibility I have used the same technique that I did in simplifying lawn-tennis scoring by inventing VASSS. I have listed the negatives first:

1) A round of golf takes too long, at least four hours on the course plus one to get out and back—five hours in all. A complete morning or afternoon shot.

2) There is not enough exercise involved in a round of golf for the time spent playing it. No matter how much you zigzag back and forth across the average course (6,500 yards), you won't walk five miles. This means that golf can only be rated as a leisurely pastime and cannot be considered as real exercise. If you want exercise you must find some other way to get it. This is a most important point realized by few and admitted by fewer. You need no slide rule to figure that, even supposing you did walk five miles, you would only be averaging 1.25 mph, which is about as near to standing still as you can get and stay in motion. If you use a golf cart you might just as well be in a hammock.

3) There is not enough club action, not enough swinging. Essentially the game is supposed to be one of hitting a ball, but that is the thing you spend the least time doing on a golf course. Suppose you are a 125-shooter, which is a pretty dreary supposition, I admit. Allowing two putts per hole, which is highly optimistic, you will be hitting the ball as opposed to putting it, only 125 times minus 36, or 89 times in four hours, which is about once every three minutes. This means there is enough

continued



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continued

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VAAGG - continued

produces far more than ordinary golf. In addition, while testing it, I have made some interesting discoveries.

1) The time wasted per round hunting for lost balls in normal golf is far greater than the time spent taking second shots and picking up the extra ball.

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3) You are your own man, the master of your ship. You need no caddy. You make your own decisions. Instead of taking as gospel an opinion on distance from a downy-faced juvenile who quite possibly has severe myopia, you make up your mind for yourself.

4) When you travel, two clubs (and it's packed in a Navy officer's sword cover) are far handier and lighter than a voluminous bag containing 14.

5) The course, with its traps and hazards, loses its terror for you, since you can repair the damage done by a ball hit out-of-bounds or into a bunker by using more discretion with your mulligan. On approach shots and putts you can take advantage of what your first ball showed you about distance, roll in the green, etc. as you hit your mulligan. This also limits your brooding. You forget your next first shot and only remember your cagey second.

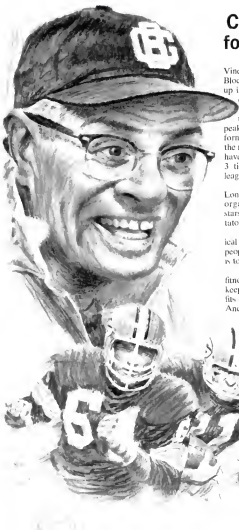
6) It even up golfers of different caliber. The good player may hit both his approaches onto the green, but he can only play one of them. The poor golfer can hit his first shot into the bunker and still be even by getting on with his mulligan. With selective putts, it is amazing how equal the game becomes.

7) When you repair to the 19th hole you can happily go over a round in which the fairway has been your twin brother, not a fourth cousin once removed, and you can gloat over hitting more good shots in nine holes than you normally hit in a hundred and nine.

So there you have it, VAAGG (Van Allen's Answer to Grief in Golf). It works as advertised, it produces golf without tears, it is the hacker's delight.

What is that you are saying, my friend? VAAGG isn't really golf at all? Well, I didn't want to mention it, but neither is the game you have been playing.

END



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It's ragtime in the Rockies

The Cowboy Joes of Wyoming sang louder than ever as they gunned down Brigham Young and the Marine Corps with a hail of points

Tyrannosaurus Rex, a regulation-size and disarmingly lively-looking dinosaur, stands in the middle of the University of Wyoming campus, right where you would expect a statue of a cow. But if the 6,500 Cowboy students react with shocking indifference to their cretaceous wonder, visitors do not. After a while they get used to the fact that Wyoming is full of surprises.

Consider this year's football team. It was no more favored over Brigham Young University, an offensive marvel, winner of eight games and the defending champion of the Western Athletic Conference, than Notre Dame was over Michigan State. But what it did was tyrannosaurical. Playing a style of game that can best be described as crunch, the Cowboys scored almost at will. Then 47-14 win not only gave them the championship for 1966, it made them look suspiciously like the finest team ever to play in the Rocky Mountains.

And what were the residents of the Iverson Home for aged ladies, which lies directly adjacent to the Cowboys' home, Memorial Stadium, doing? They were accepting victory with decorum. For six blissfully quiet days a week during the season the ladies take in the bracing air of 7,150-foot Laramie and calm themselves for the noise due on Saturday. Every Wyoming citizen who can get his hands on a ticket sings *Ragtime Cowboy Joe* (a light song) at the top of his lungs, cheers the rascal racing Joe's pony and stuffs his ears for the crack of the old lurch 75, the report of which has been known to start an avalanche. Rather than complain, the ladies smile wistfully and, when the game is away from home, as it was last week, they miss watching their heacups hop up and down on petroleum saucers.

Even opposing coaches react most peculiarly to the situation at Laramie. Last year BYU's Tommy Hindspeh,

who beat every team in the conference but Wyoming, got the full treatment. The Cowboys scored, *boom* went the 75. Clippety-clop came the pony. Over all came the lusty chorus of *Ragtime Cowboy Joe*. It was when Wyoming had scored for the third time that Hindspeh caught himself reacting most uncharacteristically. "There I was," he said, "getting my brains beaten out and singing right along with the crowd. He's a high-falutin', rootin', tootin', son of a gun from old Wyoming. *Ragtime Cowboy*, talk about your cowboy, *Ragtime Cowboy Joe*!"

But that was last year. This time around, the Cowboys met the defending WAC champions in Provo, Utah. Not only were they without Tyrannosaurus Rex, they had to face a quarterback named Virgil Carter, a young fellow who ran for such sheer joy and passed with such great accuracy that—forgetting names like Spurrer, Hanratty, Griese and Behan—he was about to set the record for more individual yards gained than anyone else who has ever played the game before (Johnny Bright had 5,903 between 1949 and 1951 for Duke and Carter needed only 201 to top that going into the Wyoming game.)

Nor was that the end of Wyoming's troubles. This year BYU was ready to match the Cowboys' love for team. Not long ago Hindspeh went to San Diego and came back with what most of his opponents most was a regiment of Marines. Actually, there were only six of them, but they have gone at each game as if Mt. Suribachi were at stake. Appropriately, what the Cowboys heard last Saturday was 38,000 BYU fans singing the *Marine Hymn*. "It's enough to make you think we'd been drafted by the Viet Cong," noted one particularly startled Wyoming player.

The Marines, it seems almost superfluous to add, landed in the nick of time. As recently as the beginning of last season the Cougars were regarded with affection by those fortunate enough to have them on their schedule. Winning games was not the issue at BYU. The Cougars had to be sky-high to record a first down. So why did Tommy Hindspeh accept the job as head coach three years ago? Partly because he knew that the sign at the entrance to the campus, which states that ALL THE WORLD IS OUR CAMPUS, meant what it said. Any sturdy young Mormon boy—even a Ma-



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ONTARIO

Canada



rine from San Diego—was fair game for a recruiter. And partly because he was convinced by the administration's new attitude. Any doubts about that disappeared in the cloud of cement swirling over the big new stadium.

Hudspeth then got down to the serious business of weeding out the hangdog attitude of longtime losers. He did it dramatically by telling nearly half the squad they were not what he had in mind as players. One boy was cut right in the middle of a fainthearted wind sprint. What the young coach had left was a small, eager group willing to bleed from the eyes. At the core were his "Triple-O" boys. Five Marines were put on the offensive platoon, two (Max Newberry and Paul Ehrmann) to keep the world away from Carter, two (Casey Boyett and Phil Odle) to catch his passes and one (Perry Rodriguez, with the oomph on "drogue") to help as tailback in the backfield. It all worked so well that in the game with Texas Western, which BYU won 52-33, Boyett caught nine passes, three of them for touchdowns, and Odle caught 14, good for 242 yards. As for Carter in that game, BYU's publicity man, Dave Schulthess, casually answered inquiries about the quarterback's total yardage with "599."

"No, no," questioners said, "not the team totals—Carter's."

"That is Carter's," was the reply.

Thus armed, BYU went out for the bloodletting against the pride of Wyoming.

To say that the university had always been the pride of Wyoming would be to stretch a point. Not many years ago, in fact, the state legislature appropriated more money for wolf bounties than it did for the college. But after World War II things began to improve dramatically, especially when a series of coaches named Boswell Wyatt, Phil Dickens and Bob Devaney came along to turn some of the country's worst football teams into some of the best. The latest in that rather prominent list is Lloyd Eaton, who learned the fine points of organizing a team from Devaney and who gets them across, some observers insist, with the aid of the *Hulleybush* Chorus. "I don't know if he got it from Billy Graham, or Billy Graham got it from Lloyd Eaton," said one Eaton assistant, "but when the coach talks, you expect thunder and lightning."

One of the things that Eaton learned early was that Wyoming has exactly 36

high schools with 11-man football teams, and if people are going to come roaring into Laramie for a Saturday shoot-'em-up he had better range far and wide for talent. Today no hamlet in the country is too remote to miss the gentle tap, tap, tap of Eaton and his staff. Typically, this year's squad was rounded up from 19 states, including Alabama, where Bear Bryant somehow overlooked Ron Billingsley, a 6-foot-8, 251-pound defensive end.

This year's Cowboys are a team born of disaster. Last season, fresh from having lost a heartbreaker and the conference championship to Arizona State the week before, they were humiliated by USC 56-6. Such a whupping can irrevocably undo most teams, but when the team is a good one—and Wyoming was good—it can also start its players thinking. "Never, never, never again am I going to get kicked around like that," thought Quarterback Rick Egloff then, and to a player the others had the same idea. The ferocity of last spring's scrimmages had the aging ladies at Division taking a tight grip on their teacups.

This fall Eaton knew he had something good brewing. "Assess?" he said. "Yes, we have assets," meaning a defensive line that included Billingsley, Jerry Darling (known as the meanest man in the conference) and Mike Dirks, who weighs 225, a fact no offensive lineman he has faced believes. Eaton also had one of the fine now-you-see-me-now-you-don't running backs in the conference in Jim Kuck, and at split end was Jerry Marston, a whippet. The Philadelphia Eagles and Boston Patriots took a look at Marston when he was still a sophomore and said, "You belong to us."

No one did more to make Eaton think big, however, than Jerry DePoyster. "We expect to come back with something every time we cross midfield," said Eaton, marveling at DePoyster's kicking toe. Against Utah two weeks ago DePoyster warmed up with a 54-yard field goal, made good on another from 52 yards away, brooded in a modest 21-yarder and settled the Utes' hash but good with another 54-yarder.

But Eaton's hand was not entirely pat. What worried him most was his quarterback. The boy who was expected to get the call was Egloff, a hardy runner and a young fellow with a forceful personality. He was also thought to be totally incapable of completing a pass.



COWBOY QUARTERBACK Virgil Carter, on way to total-offense record, checks signals.

Last summer, however, he stayed right in Laramie, throwing to anyone willing to shag for him. After 50 sessions Eaton told him, "Son, you're at least 50'; better."

"Aw, Coach," said Egloff. "I'm better than that."

How right he was. In the opening game against Air Force, a team that boasted one of the line secondaries in the country, Egloff completed 16 passes, good for two touchdowns and 195 yards, and, just to show that he had not lost the knack of running, picked up another 50 on the ground.

As for Wyoming's other supposed weakness, in the defensive backfield. Assistant Coach Burt Gustafson came up with four *haze* bombs who are so good that just recently a professional scout called Wyoming's secondary not only better than Air Force's, but the best in the country.

Last Saturday it took the best to handle Carter and the Marines. Odle and Boyett ran wonderful patterns, but right there with them to steal four passes were the Cowboys' deep-four defenders. Part of this success was due, of course, to the

continued

firm of Durling, Billingsley and Dirks, Inc., who attacked Carter as if he were making off with Tyrannosaurus Rex.

When it came time to move the ball Jim Knick got yards with that ghostly stride of his, or, when the subtle approach was not the answer, a little of that good old Wyoming crunch. And then there was Egloff, lots of Egloff. There was Egloff passing to Marion three times for touchdowns and once to End Dennis Devin. There was Egloff scrambling for

85 yards. There was, in fact, more Egloff than BYU could stomach.

As for Virgil Carter, he got his 201 yards all right, and 83 more to boot, which makes him a master at advancing a football, and when Boyett caught a pass just before the end of the game to put BYU close to the goal line, the band again struck up the *Marian Hymn*. It must have sounded much as it did at Wake Island in 1942.

—TOM C. BRODY

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE WEST 1. UCLA (9-1) 2. USC (7-2) 3. Wyoming (9-1)

All week long Angelinos brooded over UCLA's bad luck. Quarterback Gary Beban was out with a broken ankle, and Norman Dow, his senior substitute, had had almost no varsity experience. But while USC buckers got themselves in the proper frame of mind for the Rose Bowl, Coach Tommy Prothro built up the nervous Dow's confidence by telling him, "If we win, boy, you're the snot of the town." Last Saturday night he was. Handling his team flawlessly, passing sparingly but prodding USC off-balance with its scorching running, Dow scored on a five-yard dash and handed off to Cornell Champion on a 21-yard bolt through tackle for another score. The Bruins won 14-7 but USC, the AAWU champion with a 4-1 record to UCLA's 3-1, was named to play in Pasadena on Jan. 2. Cradling the game ball in his left arm, Dow insisted, "I'm not a good passer or a good runner. I don't excel at anything." Too bad. He would have looked good in the Rose Bowl.

It did not mean a thing, except to OREGON STATE. The Beavers (7-3) tied UCLA for second by beating Oregon 20-15 as stubby Fullback Pete Pifer mowed for 139 yards to become the first conference player to twice gain more than 1,000 yards in a season. WASHINGTON and STANFORD also salvaged some glory. The Huskies beat Washington State 19-7, while Stanford took California 13-7.

The Western AC title belonged to Wyoming, of course, but the competition was stiff on far places in the standings. ARIZONA STATE rolled over New Mexico 28-7 and can still tie Utah, a 13-7 loser to independent UTAH STATE, for third. ARIZONA surprised Iowa State 27-24 as Quarterback Mark Reed completed 27 passes for 217 yards and three touchdowns and ran for a fourth. But Iowa's Ray McDonald had the biggest day—

250 yards and three touchdowns in a 42-12 rout of Weber State.

THE SOUTH 1. ALABAMA (8-0) 2. GEORGIA TECH (9-0) 3. GEORGIA (8-1)

The big teams—unbeaten Alabama and Georgia Tech and once-beaten Georgia and Florida—all rested last week, but that did not deter bowl promoters. They made their matchups anyway, and it is official now: Alabama goes to the Sugar Bowl to meet Nebraska; Georgia to the Cotton Bowl to play either SMU or Arkansas; and Georgia Tech and Florida to the Orange Bowl.

TENNESSEE (6-3), MISSISSIPPI (7-2) and MIAMI (6-2-1), however, had to earn their invitations. Quarterback Dewey Warren pitched four touchdown passes, two to Richmond Flowers, to beat Kentucky 28-19 and put Tennessee into the Gator Bowl against Syracuse (8-2). Ole Miss had it easier. The Rebs turned Halfback Doug Cunningham loose for 19- and 64-yard touchdown runs as they crushed Vanderbilt 34-0. Mississippi will probably play the Southwest runner-up in the Bluebonnet. Miami Quarterbacks Bill Miller and David Olivo passed for three scores. Halfback Joe Miranda completed the Hurricanes' smothered defenseless Iowa 44-0. Then Miami accepted a bid to the Liberty Bowl in Memphis.

West Virginia was no match for SYRACUSE, losing 34-7. The Mountaineers stacked their defenses, using a 7-4 and defying the Orange to pass, and still Larry Conka and Floyd Little ran through them. Pounding inside, Conka picked up 145 yards and a touchdown, while Little, hating outside, got 127 and scored twice. And just to prove that West Virginia's massed defense was a sad mistake, Quarterback Rick Casata passed for two touchdowns. "It was just no use," mourned Coach Jim Carlen.

Clemson had bowl hopes, too, before NORTH CAROLINA STATE deflated them. State

held the Tigers, who had moved the ball 240 yards while rushing to a 14-7 half-time lead, to a measly 39 in the second half and won 23-14 on three field goals by Harold Dieter and Don DeArment's 53-yard run. Now Clemson has to beat or tie the South Carolina Saturday to avoid a tie with State for the ACC title.

VIRGINIA Coach George Blackburn, with a week off to prepare for Maryland, changed his style. He put a man in motion on offense and switched to a 4-3 pro defense. The moves paid off. Halfback Frank Quayle roamed through Maryland for 221 yards, Bob Davis ran and passed superbly and Virginia won 41-17. DEKE, wrapped in a close game with North Carolina, scored three times in the last quarter to rout the Tar Heels 41-25.

WILLIAM & MARY outscored Richmond 35-19 to tie East Carolina, a 35-14 loser to independent SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI, for the Southern Conference championship, while FLORIDA STATE shut out Wake Forest 28-0. MISSISSIPPI STATE beat Cincinnati 26-14 and LSU held off Tulane 21-7.

THE MIDWEST 1. MICHIGAN STATE (9-0-1) 2. NOTRE DAME (8-0-1) 3. NEBRASKA (9-0)

The big game was in East Lansing (page 22), but PURDUE, which had lost only to Notre Dame and Michigan State and was very happy with its lot as runner-up in the Big Ten, went after poor Indiana as if the national championship hung in the balance. With Quarterback Bob Griese putting on a spectacular show, the Boiler-makers pounded the luckless Hoosiers for 525 yards in total offense and 51-6 in points. Then came the official word: the Big Ten had formally voted Purdue into the Rose Bowl for the first time ever. Coach Jack Mollenkopf, enchanted by Griese's performance, declared: "If he doesn't get the Heisman Trophy it's an injustice."

There were some pick-me-ups for other Big Ten also-rans. MICHIGAN'S Bump Elliott had a new wrinkle ready for Ohio State—an I formation, with Carl Ward in the deep spot instead of at flanker—that sprang Jim Detweiler, the other halfback, loose. Before he left in the third quarter with stomach trouble, he slashed for 140 yards, including a seven-yard touchdown run that broke a 3-3 tie. Michigan won 17-3, condemning Woody Hayes to only his second losing season (4-5) at 16 years at Ohio State. wisconsin gave Coach Milt Bruhn, who resigned under fire earlier in the week ("if a charge will help I'm for it," he said), a 7-6 win over Minnesota as a going-away present. NORTHWESTERS, surprisingly, routed Illinois 35-7.

Minor prizes were all that remained for Big Eight teams. MISSOURI took third place

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

behind champion Nebraska (idle last week) with a 7-0 victory over Kansas, while OKLAHOMA STATE pounded Kansas State 21-6 to finish fourth. COLORADO, the conference runner-up, came from behind to edge Air Force 10-9 on John Farler's field goal, with 5:14 to play.

It was a day for runners in the Mid-American. OHIO U.'s Dick Conley rushed for 273 yards in MAC record and four touchdowns, as the Bobcats kicked Marshall 28-0 and KENT STATE's Don Fitzgerald carried 30 times (296 for the season, an NCAA record) for 138 yards, as State beat Xavier 42-14. Toledo lost to Dayton 20-16, giving the Flyers an 8-2 season, their best since 1942.

Tulsa, which has lived so well by the pass for so long, died by a against SMITHSONIAN, as the Cards' Ed Hammon picked one off in the last quarter and ran it back 31 yards to beat the Hurricanes 29-18. WICHITA STATE, however, upset Colorado State 37-23 with its passing game. Quarterback John Eckman completed 27 for 405 yards and three scores, while End Glenn Melzer caught 16.

THE EAST 1, SYRACUSE (8-2) 2, ARMY (7-2) 3, HARVARD (8-1)

The Ivy League came down to its last week with HARVARD, DARTMOUTH and PRINCETON, all tied for the lead, and that is just the way it ended—in a triple tie for the championship. Harvard had the pressure game to win against Yale, and came through handsomely 17-0. While the sturdy Crittenton defense held the Elis down, shifty Halfback Bobby Leo plunged a yard for one touchdown, sprinted 52 for another and gained 100 yards in all.

Dartmouth, too strong for game Penn, attacked smartly from Coach Bob Blackman's ingenious and irritating variety of offenses for 413 yards on the ground, most of them by Pete Walton and Jim Messer. But the unpeppery Quakers' Bill Creedon, passing for 317 yards, made it a ball game before going in 40-21. Princeton, the only team to conquer Harvard, had its hands full with Cornell. Despite some abject fumbling and bumbling, the Big Red held the Tigers scoreless until the last quarter. Then Tadback Dick Bracken led Princeton on a 51-yard

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Quarterback Bob Griese did just about everything in Purdue's 51-6 pounding of Indiana. He completed 11 passes for 255 yards and three touchdowns, scored twice on runs, kicked a field goal and succeeded points.

THE SHIRMAN: End Mike Roof, an important man in the sturdy UCLA defense that helped smother USC 14-7, was in on eight tackles, deflected a pass and three times dropped Trojan ballcarriers for losses on key third-down plays.

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

match, covering the last five himself for a 7-0 victory.

The battle was only for last place, but COLUMBIA and BROWN struggled furiously before the Lions won the slugfest 40-38. Tailback Jim O'Connor, with 225 yards rushing for an Ivy record and four touchdowns, was the difference.

Beating Penn this year is like vanquishing a paper tiger, but PENN STATE enjoyed it all the same. Tom Sherman threw three touchdown passes and Bob Campbell broke away for three scores, as the Lions won 48-24 to give Coach Joe Paterno a 5-5 record in his first year. But there are better times ahead for Paterno. Most of this year's varsity will be back in 1967.

Yankee Conference champion Massachusetts came away chastened after losing to NOTION COLLEGE 14-7. Connecticut, another Yankee hopeful, lost to HOLY CROSS 16-0. Connecticut, with Halfback Marv Hubbard hammering for 194 yards and Quarterback Ron Barton picking up 167 on runs and passes, beat Rutgers 26-7 for its best record (8-1-1) since 1932.

THE SOUTHWEST | SWC (7-2) 2. HOUSTON (7-1) 3. ARKANSAS (8-2)

Arkansas, riding serenely toward a Cotton Bowl appearance, came a serious cropper when losing TEXAS TECH upset the Hogs 21-16. It was rising dangerously, but Tech Coach J. T. King's game plan called for his Raiders to counteract Arkansas' strength, All-America Tackle Lloyd Phillips. "If our Phil Tucker can whip Phillips, we can whip Arkansas," King said bravely. Tucker did, enabling Quarterback John Scovell and Halfback Jerry Lovelace to take unthought-of liberties with the Arkansas defense. More unthinkable was Tackle Gene Darr's grab of the ball just as Arkansas' Jon Brittenum was passing. He returned the interception 20 yards for the winning touchdown.

SWC now is favored to represent the SWC at Dallas come Dec. 31, but the way things have been going, don't bet on it. The Mustangs, despite a 100-yard kickoff return by Jerry Lewis and a 21-0 lead, almost went down the drain against Baylor, when Terry Southall, who completed 29 passes for 350 yards, got his team going. It took a Dennis Parise field goal from 20 yards out with 15 seconds left to win for SMU 24-22. The Mustangs now have to beat TCU, losers to KIL 21-10, to take the championship.

TEXAS WESTERN beat New Mexico State 28-14 on Billy Stevens' three touchdown passes; Hank Washington completed 15 of 20 for 164 yards and a score and ran for 64 more to lead WEST TEXAS STATE past Western Michigan 30-7; NORTH TEXAS STATE's Corky Roland threw to John Love for three touchdowns, as the Eagles crushed Chattanooga 42-7.

END



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Baltimore Mayor **Theodore McKellin**, looking for some way to show the city's appreciation of Oriole Star **Frank Robinson**, suggested to the Baltimore Park Board that it name a park for the ballplayer. The board found it had no firm against naming a city facility for a living person and immediately—and tactfully—paved one forbidding such an action. "This is no reflection on Robinson," a Park Board official said. "We are just against naming anything for anybody before they are dead."

Wearing a rented top hat and tails, **Jack Brabham** showed up at Buckingham Palace last week to collect his Order of the British Empire from Queen Elizabeth. After the ceremony the world champion racing driver climbed into his Vauxhall, which was parked in the palace forecourt, and prepared to speed away. He couldn't start the car.

On the inside cover of his ninth-grade text, *Answers of Physical Geography*, 14-year-old **Woodron Wilson** drew balloons and listed the starting lineup of the Light Foot Base Ball Club (below). His sports-inspired doodles, which date back to 1870 and are considered to be the earliest-known Wilson documents, have been published in a new

book, *The Papers of Woodron Wilson, Vol. 1, 1876-1880*. The Light Foot club was organized by Wilson for "carousal, secret, mysterious and adventurous purposes," including baseball. Also found in Wilson's school books was a list of racehorses "arranged by age and speed."

The Monkees, that quartet that successfully aped the Beatles on NBC-TV, sired by Britain's **Davy Jones**, who used to be an exercise boy at Newmarket, England. As the group's popularity has grown, so have the sales of Davy's exploits on horseback. His press agent told one reporter recently that "Davy rode 26 winners last winter when he was back in England for Christmas." Says Davy, "I had to choose between riding and show business. I chose show business. I once earned \$10,000 as a jockey, and lost \$5,000 of it betting on the horses." However, the British Jockey Club, which licenses jockeys, has no record of a rider named Davy Jones. Now who is making a monkey of whom?

The question that **Stan Musial**, **Joe Torre**, **Henry Aaron**, **Harmon Killebrew** and **Brooks Robinson** kept being asked during their two-week tour of the Vietnam battle zone was the same one being heard back home. How did the Dodgers blow it in four straight? The Orioles' Robinson was always pleased to answer, "They underestimated us, and we outplayed them." The trip, which took the ballplayers to front-line outposts, airfields and hospitals, was initiated at the All-Star Game last July by General William Leckert (ret.), the commissioner of baseball. Of all the players, Musial attracted the most attention from the troops. One wounded GI told him, "You're the greatest." "No," said Stan, "You are."

Men's World Figure Skating Champion **Emmerich Danzer** was not concerned about treading the thin ice of diplomatic protocol. He simply saw a pret-

ty girl and he kissed her. The object of Danzer's instant affection turned out to be 21-year-old Natalya Prodigina, the daughter of Soviet President **Nikolai Podgorniy**. The president and his daughter were taking a quick tour about Vienna when they decided to visit the Stadthalle, where Danzer was working out before 2,000 children. When he spotted the distinguished visitors Danzer did a few breathtaking spins, propped up on Natalya and kissed her on the cheek. She blushed and Papa laughed. Why did Danzer do it? "Why not," said one sports columnist. "She's very pretty. I don't think he would have done it to Mrs. Khrushchev."

An election short sale: Pennsylvania's new governor, **Raymond P. Shafer**, won his election but lost his shirt in the process. An 11-letter man at Allegheny College in the 1930s, Shafer's blue-and-gold basketball jersey was auctioned off to help meet campaign expenses. It brought \$40

It was the largest royal hunt in 60 years, and probably the largest royal get-together in decades, outside of an occasional marriage or funeral. Included in the party that spent the weekend shooting at the Ardennes in Belgium and on Luxembourg's

royal preserve were King **Baudouin** of Belgium, King **Constantine** of Greece, Princess **Beatrix** of the Netherlands and Crown Prince **Harald** of Norway. The hunt was conducted in the strictest of secrecy (120 policemen provided cover for their majesties). Only one statistic has come out: 42 boars were shot.

Paced by 800-meter Olympic winner **Ann Packer** (below) and a gambler named Alexander the Great, two gaggles of geese waddled at top speed down an ancient Roman way in Berkshire, England, covering four miles in a little less than four hours. The goose march was organized to test a theory of a Cambridge University archaeologist, Dr. Glyn Daniels. For some time the professor has been trying to find out how the Romans, who enjoyed eating a particular kind of goose found only in the north of France, got those rare birds to Rome, if being a belief of the time that if geese were cropped off for long periods in swamps their flesh would taste food. Daniels thinks the birds were walked the thousand miles from Calais and wondered how long this would have taken. Based on the performance of Miss Packer and her gaggles, the answer is six months. Finally, an Olympic game, but certainly an Olympic effort.



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Depending on where you sit, or skate, Bryan Watson, the scrappy young forward of the Detroit Red Wings, is either a living doll or a dirty dog. To the fans who flock to Olympia Stadium each week to see him play, Bryan can do no wrong. As far as his fellow Red Wings are concerned, the wrong Bryan does is strictly all right. But the players and fans in the five other NHL cities take a somewhat different view.

"He irritates me," is the way good-natured Bobby Hull of the Chicago Black Hawks puts it. "If you can't say something nice about a guy, keep your mouth shut," says Bobby's teammate Stan Mikita, doing just that. "No comment," says Chicago Coach Billy Reay.

The Black Hawks are extra touchy about Watson, because it was at their expense that this tempestuous young Red Wing first achieved his reputation as the No. 1 nuisance of the NHL. All through the season of 1965-1966 Bobby Hull, the toughest fighter, the highest scorer and the most spectacular all-round player in hockey today, had made penguins of the Red Wings as he slammed the puck into net after net for a record 54 goals in a single season. Ten of those goals were scored against Detroit. By the time the two teams wound up matched against each other in the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs, Detroit Coach Sid Abel had had enough of Hull. He called Watson over and gave him a terse order: get on Hull and stay there.

Bryan did. The result was that Hull scored only twice in six games, Detroit won four of them and Chicago took its customary postseason nose dive into obscurity. The mismatch triumph of 160-pound Watson over 195-pound Hull, coupled with the fact that Bryan somehow managed to score two goals himself while policing Bobby, gave the young Detroit a season-end popularity rating exceeded only by that of Governor George Romney.

When, therefore, the current season started a few weeks ago at Olympia, with Chicago once again matched against the Wings, an opening-game-record 14,214 fans were there to see Bryan Watson climb on top of that famous No. 9 on Hull's back for another session of needling, prodding, cursing and provoking.

On that particular night Hull man-

aged to pull up short at one crucial point when Watson was bearing down on him at top speed. To avoid crashing head first into the boards, Watson careened sharply, wrenched his left knee and was lost to the Wings for two weeks. The fortnight of comparative peace that followed gave all those concerned a chance to consider the phenomenon of Bryan Watson in an atmosphere of calm.

Watson's own point of view, expressed between mouthfuls of macaroni and cheese at the Detroit Press Club, is simple. "When I'm told to watch a guy, I watch him." That of the rest of the league is more complicated. The Red Wing management insists that Bryan is just doing his job and is no dirtier about it than any other hard-checking forward. The Black Hawks just as firmly insist that Watson's watchdog tactics, particularly toward Hull, are often besmirched by such fouls as tripping, hooking, slashing, spearing, boarding and cross-checking. As evidence they point to the fact that Watson was third in the league in penalties last year, amassing a total of 133 minutes in the box. Despite his two weeks' absence from the ice, Bryan already has managed to accumulate 29 minutes this season. Whatever his ethics, it is certain that Watson has made a deep impression and one that has some of the finest players in the NHL glancing nervously over their shoulders when they should be skating or shooting in confident security. As far as sheer skill is concerned, the consensus is that Bryan Watson is no more than a fringe player. Everyone agrees that his determination far outweighs his natural ability. But it is that determination to hit and scrap, with no fear whatever of the consequences that brought this youngster to the big league and makes him a valuable part of it.

"Watson has that will to win," says Montreal Coach Toe Blake, "and that goes a long way in hockey. He spruces up the players on his own team."

"He's a fighter," says Punch Imlach of the Toronto Maple Leafs. "He hits hard and he can handle himself. He's the type that shakes you up, because he gets under your skin."

"Look," says Ken Hodge, the 6-foot-11, 190-pound Hawk forward whose job it is to pry Watson off Hull's back whenever he gets on it, "you can't blame Wat-

continued

The boy on Bobby's back is back

A Red Wing who achieved fame last year by being a nuisance in the playoffs is as pesky as ever



FIGHTER WATSON DOES HIS ARMR

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HOCKEY

son for what he does. It's a big score! 54 goals, you've got to do something to it and stop him. You've got to give Watson credit. That's a pretty good check to cash, you know."

The effort shows. Bryan Watson's face is a mass of welts and bruises laced together by scars. A tussle with Hull in Chicago last week added 18 new stitches. The Watson countenance has been marred so often by fists, sticks and pucks that Watson would rather not talk about it. The nose is flat because it is all plastic, "and it still leaks," he says. The eyebrows are pulled, like Carmen Basilio's, and the teeth are a set he received in exchange for a slap shot caught flush in the uppers last year. When Watson walks into the Mayfair Restaurant, his favorite, those leads that don't snap up in recognition do so out of compassion. "I'd better get married soon," Bryan jokes, "before I get any uglier."

One thing he has gotten a quicker. Assailed recently by 6-foot, 185-pound Phil Esposito of the Hawks, Watson suddenly found himself spread flat on the ice, his face the painful recipient of stinging, gloveless right-hand blows. "So when he coked the right again," remembers Bryan, "I ducked." Esposito's fist crashed into the ice, crushed a knuckle and put the attacker out for two games.

Provoking opponents into just such flare-ups is perhaps Bryan Watson's greatest skill. And he doesn't scrap with just anybody. All of his altercations have a touch of class to them, enough so that when Bryan heads for the penalty box he usually drags a Hull or a Richard or a Mikea along with him. Verbally, he can top them all. Recently, in a game in Detroit, Montreal's Canadiens had a two-man advantage and were pressing for an almost certain power-play goal. Suddenly, the puck eluded the Canadiens' Yvan Cournoyer, and the Wings cleared it from the danger zone. As the red-faced Frenchman skated past the Detroit bench, Watson leaned over and whispered a word of advice. Whatever it was, it made Cournoyer so mad that he slammed his stick against the boards near Watson and drew a two-minute penalty. The Montreal threat was over, and Coach Sid Abel couldn't keep from laughing.

The Detroit fans love Bryan Watson for what he is and what he does and for the obvious contributions he makes every night he plays, but it is doubtful

that they cherish him as do the Red Wing players. Watson is a team favorite, particularly of 38-year-old Gordie Howe, whom he is constantly—and unsuccessfully—attempting to needle.

"Hey, Gordie," Watson will yell across the red-carpeted floor of the Detroit locker room at Olympia, "when you gonna hang 'em up and let some of us young guys play a while?" But Gordie responds with a look of mock disdain.

"Look at me when you speak, Mumbles," he will say, "so that I can read your lips." Then, feigning helplessness with his palms turned up, Howe will turn to Abel and say, "Sid, when you gonna schedule a few open dates so Bumpy here can rest his face?"

Mumbles, Blinky Jr., Spotty, Bolts, Buggy, Wasp, Superpest—the nicknames are all there, but they mask a young man who is genuinely bright and plays the stooge role only by choice and because he is smart enough to handle it. He is tickled to death to be playing with players he read about as a boy in Bancroft, Ont. He is a student at Carleton University in Ottawa and is studying, among other subjects, psychology. His reading encompasses Jane Austen and T. S. Eliot. When not on the ice he is in constant demand for personal appearances and speaking engagements, which he handles like a professional. And, as you would expect of a 24-year-old big-leaguer who loves people, he is a soft touch for autograph seekers. Charging out the back door of the Detroit locker room, dressed in a sports jacket of gold-and-brown tweed, sharply tailored slacks and double-button boots, Watson is always the first Wing to reach the parking lot. When he does, he will pull down the brim of the black hat with the feather, climb into the 1964 white Pontiac that has been painted five times, stolen once and is affectionately nicknamed "White Charger," and head for the expressway that gets you fastest to the Roostertrial, Lindell's A.C. or the Red Carpet out on the east side.

Unless you happen to be playing across from him, it is not difficult at all to like Bryan Watson. On the ice, however, it is just as easy to hate him. As one opposing player put it, "He'll be all right as long as he realizes his capabilities. But don't forget, Bryan weighs only 160 pounds. If he's not careful, one of these days somebody is going to mash him up."

END



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You will find them in Kansas City, where the Chiefs are the AFL's best bet for the supergame with the NFL. The legs belong to Mike Garrett and Bert Coan, who function as one back, and the wolves are fans

When the Kansas City Chiefs play a game at home a visitor can't help noticing the fans known as the Wolfpack. The group got its name in the days when the Chiefs were stumbling—playing to crowds of 20,000 or less—and a reporter for *The Kansas City Star* wrote that sitting in a section of particularly aroused fans made him feel as if he were in the middle of a wolf pack. Now there are sell-outs in the 40,000-seat Municipal Stadium, and there are Wolfpack buttons, Wolfpack license plates, Wolfpack shirts and Wolfpack membership cards that entitle the bearer to snarl, howl and yell as long as he stays off the field.

By playing a fired-up Boston team to a 27-27 tie last Sunday, the Chiefs remained 1½ games ahead of Oakland in the AFL's Western Division, and if the wolves were not howling as loud as usual, they were confident that the Chiefs would go on to the championship and the supergame. That confidence is justified. If the Chiefs get that far, it could be a better game than NFL fans anticipate.

The Chiefs have long had some of the finest personnel in professional football, including a number of players who would be stars in the NFL. But after winning the AFL championship in a double-overtime game in 1962, they went into something of a decline for the next three seasons. They would beat a good team one week and lose to a bad team the next. As usual in such situations, everybody in the locker room had his own explanation. Perhaps the most common complaint was over Owner Lamar Hunt's moving the club from Dallas to Kansas City in the spring of 1963. The veterans, many of whom are Texans, resented having to settle in a foreign place. All-I eagle Linebacker E. J. Holub, for example, made it quite clear that he missed his horses and his ranch and would no more have considered signing with a team in Missouri than with one in Guatemala. Hol-

ub, who was a top draft choice of the Dallas Cowboys, started talking about playing out his option and going home, as did Jerry Mays, who has been All-AFL in two positions, and several other key players.

Soon after the move, bad luck hit. Rookie Stone Johnson was killed in a game in Kansas City. The players, already unsettled, seemed to take his death as an omen. Halfback Abner Haynes, the AFL's Most Valuable Player in 1960, ceased to be an effective runner for the Chiefs but became one of their outstanding cranks. He got himself traded to Denver in 1963 when his roommate—All-AFL Corner Back Dave Grayson—was traded to Oakland.

Through it all, Coach Hank Stram stuck doggedly to his system and Lamar Hunt stuck doggedly to Stram. Being professionals, the players soon realized they were going to have to work in Kansas City, and most of them eventually came to like the town. The trouble was that, with Haynes gone, the Chiefs lost their one game-breaking runner, their only outside threat.

Stram is an inventive, imaginative offensive coach. But without Haynes, he found himself using two fullbacks—Curtis McClimin and Mack Lee Hill—and a stereotyped offense. Quarterback Len Dawson led the AFL in passing in 1962 but thereafter was bothered by a chronic sore arm. Concerned about not being able to put enough muscle on the ball, he began to hesitate to throw unless his receiver was completely open, and he was knocked down for many big losses. At the end of last season Mack Lee Hill died in a freakish way, from massive shock while being operated on for a routine knee injury. Then, in the expansion draft, Miami selected the Chiefs' flanker, Frank Jackson, and Stram's offense lost its only deep receiver.

In order for the Chiefs to have any

success this season, four things had to happen. Dawson had to get his arm cured, the field-goal kicking had to be improved, second-year man Otis Taylor had to come through as a flanker and a running back had to turn up from somewhere. All four of those things did happen—with the result that the Chiefs, now 8-2-1, are the best bet to go all the way to the championship.

Dawson began building up his arm with an exercise device. He started working 20 minutes a day on February 1 and kept it up through the training-camp season. Now he is throwing the ball better than ever before, is leading the league again and Stram calls him "the most accurate passer I ever saw." It is a good thing for Dawson that his evergreen paid off. He is being pushed for his job by Pete Beathard, who, many observers think, is the young quarterback in either league.

"If Beathard had gone to the Jets and Namath had gone to the Chiefs, Beathard would be a star and everybody would be wondering what happened to Namath," says one AFL coach. Stram says, "We could war with Pete right now."

Also, Dawson has finally emerged as a thinking quarterback. He has become very sharp at checking off plays at the line of scrimmage. Against Houston, he noticed the Oilers slipping into an eight-man line overshifted to the wide side of the field. Dawson changed the play to a quick pitchout to Mike Garrett heading to the short side, and Garrett went 77 yards for a touchdown—the longest run from scrimmage in the AFL this season. Dawson also has learned to find alternate receivers. Half a dozen of his touchdown passes have gone to receivers who were second or third choice. "After all these years," says Stram, "Lenny has come into his own."

So, evidently, has a field-goal kicker named Mike Mercer, who labored for

continued



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**NORTHWESTERN
MUTUAL LIFE**
MILWAUKEE



PHOTO BY JAMES W. HILL

"Winter Wonderland" The Hancocks live outside Chippewa Falls at Lake Wisconsin, where the family enjoys the year around.

Minnesota and Oakland and was on the Buffalo taxi squad until early this season. Last year the Chiefs kicked only 13 of 30 field goals. Now Mercer has kicked 12 of 15 field goals, including one of 50 yards, and one of his misses was from 44 yards.

Important as it has been for the Chiefs to have a healthy Dawson and a reliable field-goal kicker, those factors pale beside the other two—the finding of a flanker and a rather unusual running back—who has four legs, four arms and two heads and would be leading the AFL in rushing if somebody could put him together.

Taylor unquestionably has made it as the flanker. He is 6 feet 2, weighs 211 pounds, has run the 100-yard dash in 9.6 and got a reputation last year as a rookie for the ferocity of his tackling on the specialty teams. Through the Chiefs' first 11 games Taylor has caught 48 passes for 1,058 yards and a 22-yard average, the best in either league. He is a strong and tricky runner as well as a good receiver. Against Miami, he participated in a rare play. With the line of scrimmage at the Kansas City 11, Taylor caught a Dawson pass 20 yards downfield, then cut across the field, weaving and twisting and breaking tackles. He covered so much grass that by the time he reached the end zone for a touchdown, Dawson had already run more than 90 yards down the field following the play and had crossed the goal line before Taylor did.

The running back is a different case because he is two people. Bert Coan and Mike Garrett, Stram uses one or the other as the whim strikes him. "I just play it by ear," he says. "It sort of depends on the situation. Coan is a slasher and is better at running into the designated hole. Garrett is a daylight runner. We can aim him at the hole, but where he will wind up running we have no idea. He bleeds yardage. We were fearful about his speed, but he has shown that he is plenty fast enough. He thrives on work. He gets better with each carry. He's tough, a great competitor, a great team man, a great blocker and taker. Coan is improving as a blocker, but he's tall and rangy and has a hard time getting into striking position."

Through 11 games, Garrett has rushed for 516 yards and a 5.6 average with touchdown runs of 77, 61 and 42 yards. Coan has 476 yards and a 5.5 average.

Their combination of 992 yards makes the Kansas City running attack the most effective one in the AFL. Coan and Garrett could hardly be less alike. Coan is 6 feet 4 and weighs 220. Garrett is 5 feet 9 and weighs 195. Coan has been in pro football for five years, first with the Chargers and then with the Chiefs. Garrett is a rookie. Coan has been almost constantly injured, ever since a broken leg finished his college career at Kansas. Garrett has seldom been hurt.

In 1964 Coan decided during training camp that he'd seen enough of pro football. He walked out of camp and vanished. Later he came back and Stram accepted him. "Best is no problem to coach," Stram says. "His biggest problem is the battle within himself. He got down on himself because he hadn't been able to play an entire season. He never uses an overabundance of words. When he came back, he just said he'd made a mistake. I would have had to be blind not to see his potential. You could watch him in practice and see that he was a beautiful runner. It doesn't take any coaching ability to kick a guy off the squad. The coach's job is to try to get the player to play as well as he can."

There were doubts about Garrett's size as well as about his speed. But those doubts never occurred to Garrett. "I always knew I could make it if I got the chance," he says. "But at first I really looked terrible. I'd run a hole too wide or too tight. I had to learn how to pick up the blocking. There are two or three ways to block on one play. Our 56-Power Trap and our 56-Quick Trap might look the same, but the blocking is different and I was confused. But I'm learning, and I like this system. Neither of us gets too tired. I never know when they're going to use Bert or use me, except in a crisis they'll go with the man who has more experience—and that's Coan." Garrett came in with a bonus that was reported as \$200,000, but players on other teams have not overly abused him about it. That may be because he neither talks to nor listens to them. "The only time I say anything is if it's some player I've heard a lot about. Then I'll tell him what an honor it is to meet him," Garrett says.

The running of Garrett and Coan has relegated McClinton—a former Rookie of the Year in the AFL—to the role of blocker, although McClinton is a good fullback who can carry the run-



MIKE GARRETT of USC and Heisman Trophy hero is the Chiefs' exciting rookie runner.

ning game if defenses jam up on Garrett and Coan. The receiving of Taylor has allowed Split End Chris Burford more freedom, and Burford is having one of his best years. All of them operate with a superior offensive line that includes All-AFL Tackle Jim Tyrer and the line tight end, Fred Arhanas.

If the Chiefs have any weakness, it is at defensive tackle now that Ed Lathamer is out for the season with a shoulder separation. Lathamer's replacement is Andy Rice, a veteran of the Houston and Chicago taxi squads. But Rice plays between Buck Buchanan, a 287-pound tackle who usually draws two or three blockers, and Defensive End Jerry Mays. Charger Coach Sid Gillman says, "Put Mays at linebacker and he would eat up all the other linebackers in the league. He was all-league at tackle, and he's all-league at end. He's the most versatile defensive lineman in the league—quick, tough and intelligent." A tip-off to the quality of the Chiefs' defense unit is that Rookie Aaron Brown, a No. 1 draft choice who, at 265 pounds, runs the 40-yard dash as fast as Garrett, has not been able to take over as a starter at end or tackle.

END

'You opened with that kind of rubbish?'

This and some other provoking questions were heard last week at the International Team Trials

The process of selecting the six-man team that will represent North America in the World Bridge Championships is called the Trials, and a trial of ability, resolution and temperament is what it proved to be last week in Pittsburgh.

It took 10 days of play, involving 462 hands, before the Trials were completed and the North American team chosen, the coveted places going to the pairs who

had finished first, second, and third out of the 16 that had qualified for the finals. By playing brilliantly toward the end, when the combination of pressure and fatigue was taking its toll, the Canadians, Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, finished first, followed by Edgar Kaplan and Norman Kay, and Alvin Roth and William Root, who now will make up the rest of the North American team.

In the best of times, bridge masters are not known for their private serenity of soul nor their public exhibitions of tact, a fact noted by *The Bridge World* magazine prior to the Trials when it published a form chart on the 16 teams. "Temper Temper," the chart said beside the names of Ira Rubin and Curtis Smith. Rubin is a computer programmer whose bidding system is more than a computer could digest. When things began going badly Smith showed what he thought of his partner's system by reading a detective story during the bidding and play. Of Tobias Stone and Ivan Erdos the warning was: "The shorter the fuse the longer the odds." The fuse all but blew when Stone, a man known to make more than an occasional wager on football games, played Saturday afternoon with a transistor radio at his elbow. Neither of these teams survived the cutting of the field to 10 pairs for the final rounds, though Stone and Erdos missed by barely a field goal, finishing 11th.

Through much of the final round first place was held by Roth and Root, but in the very last session they found themselves playing against Murray and Kehela, and they took such a beating that it appeared for a moment they might be knocked out of the top three completely. It was, therefore, ironic, as well as indicative of the large variations in bidding systems and play at championship events, that earlier Murray had approached Roth—an apostle of ultraconservative opening bids—to discuss a hand which had given him trouble.

Murray explained his holding was:

♠ A Q 9 3 ♥ 10 8 7 3 ♦ A J 8 6 ♣ 4

"What do you open?" he asked Roth. "You can't open," said Roth. "Well," said Murray, "I opened a heart." Roth winced. "Then Sammy said two dia-

monds," continued Murray. "Don't tell me you bid two spades on that rubbish," said Roth. "No, I didn't think my hand was that good," said Murray. "I said three diamonds. Sammy tried four clubs and I almost cue bid my spade ace, but instead I said four diamonds, and we played it at five diamonds." Roth looked even more unsettled.

Here are all four hands:

		SOUTH (Murray)			
		♠ A Q 9 3			
		♥ 10 8 7 3			
		♦ A J 8 6			
		♣ 4			
WEST				EAST	
♠ K J 8 5				♠ 10 7 2	
♥ J 9 5 4				♥ A 6 2	
♦ 7				♦ Q 1 2	
♣ Q J 5 2				♣ 8 5 3	
		SOUTH (Kehela)			
		♠ 6 4			
		♥ K Q			
		♠ K 10 9 5 3			
		♣ A 10 7 6			

Opposite leaf, 5 of spades

Kehela played the hand well. He won the spade finesse, entered his hand with the ace of clubs and ruffed a club on the table. If he could find the queen of diamonds he had a good play for 12 tricks, but he saw a safety line to guarantee 11. He led a heart from dummy, and, when East played low, South's king won. He ruffed another club on the table and again came back with a heart.

This time East took his ace. He did not want to lead a diamond away from his queen, so he led a spade to dummy's ace. Kehela ruffed a spade, the last club was trumped in dummy, and the last spade was played. There was no point in East ruffing, so he discarded a heart as Kehela ruffed low. A diamond was led to the ace, and when a heart was led from the board East was caught in a trump trap—no matter which card he played, Kehela would make the last two tricks.

Murray had hardly finished explaining it when Roth said, "I know that hand. We played it, and what I don't understand is how anybody can play bridge with somebody who bid that hand the way you did."

"Oh," said Murray. "Well, what did



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With the cards now played as below, Roth led the queen of spades. Lazard feared that he would be thrown in with the queen of diamonds and forced to lead a heart into Roth's queen-9. So West discarded the diamond queen. Roth needed no more. He cashed the queen of hearts, discarding a club from dummy and drawing Rapee's last heart. Then he led the diamond 10. Rapee took the king, but was forced to lead a diamond to dummy's jack for the fulfilling trick.

NORTH

♦ —
♥ J 6 5
♦ 10
♣ —

WEST

♦ —
♥ J 7
♦ Q 7
♣ —

EAST

♦ 10
♥ 6
♦ K 9
♣ —

SOUTH

♦ Q
♥ Q 9
♦ 10
♣ —

Lazard could have beaten the contract by discarding his low diamond and holding the queen. If Roth then cashes the queen of hearts and exits with a diamond, East lets West hold the trick with the queen, and the jack of hearts beats the contract. If Roth plays the diamond immediately, East overtakes his partner's queen to play a heart through declarer, and the jack of hearts again becomes the setting trick.

The qualifying system that led up to the Pittsburgh Trials is the most demanding that we have ever tried—even though it will be changed again next year. The hope is that it has given us, at last, a squad that can beat the seemingly invincible Italian Blue Team, which has won the world championship eight years in a row. What it has definitely produced is an experienced team. Four of the members—Murray, Kehela, Roth, Kay—have played against the Italians in world competition before. Kaplan has studied the complex Italian bidding systems more than any other player outside of Europe, and Kehela ranks right behind him. And in soft-talking, tough-playing Bill Root, Alvin Roth might have found the partner he needs to make his own particular brilliance pay off against the Italians. The trials of Pittsburgh may have been many, but the team that results is a good one.

END



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A WILD, WICKED



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYNE HILSON

Smash him in the rear, hook him into the wall, run him broadside if you can—that's how it's done in stock car racing. And that's how Bobby Allison, a pious and mannerly man off the tracks but a devout car-slammer on them—a dedicated engine-tinkerer, too—has clawed up from the bush leagues to become the sport's newest hero

RACE TO THE BIG TIME

BY KIM CHAPIN

CONTINUED

One whole week later, when the goldflake Galaxies and pearlpoint Chevies and fatback Chargers and Blue Angel Plymouths were gathered for the Southern 500 under the hotwet South Carolina sun at the Darlington International Raceway, they were still talking about it. Little knots of men—mechanics and drivers who couldn't suppress their smiles, grins, and image-conscious officials of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing, track officials counting their soldout house—all gathered and talked about how that young reallymeetsy, Bobby Allison, Hucytown's Bobby Allison, who lives in a modest brick house and works out of a garage strewn with engine blocks, camshafts and racing pistons right there in his own backyard, who is married to his home-town girl and has three kids who call everybod "air" and then beat hell out of Daddy on the living room floor every evening, and has that crazy mutt named Underdog; how young, likable Bobby Allison had taken on Curtis Turner a week before at the tight, little (quarter-mile) paved Winston-Salem track and broken just about every rule of racing ethics and morality in one big fender-smashing, bumper-bumping mess. And how when it was finished every body was peeved off Curtis, who has won more stock car races than anyone else in history, who wears a cowboy hat and cowboy boots and Hollywood shades and drinks and carries on and is the original southern good ol' boy maybe more than Junior Johnson even, expecting of Curtis to go at young Bobby with his fists and maybe his cowboy boots, too, and nothing happened. Except that one month later, when the racers were in Turner's home town of Charlotte, Curtis invited Bobby to a couple of parties out at his place.

Winston-Salem is not an important race on the NASCAR Grand National calendar. The purse is not large, the points toward the driving championship are not many, but everybody shows up, as they had nine days before that at Columbia,

S.C., for a bit of fun at 100 miles around a half-mile dirt track. At that one, Allison, racing in his own red-and-white 1964 Chevelle, sat on the pole, and Turner, in a yellow 1966 Galaxie owned by Junior Johnson, started beside him. Just before the starter's green flag dropped, a strange announcement came over the track loudspeaker. An unidentified person had just offered Turner \$500 if he could lead the first lap. Turner went over to Allison and said, in effect, that if Bobby would let him by, \$250 of that was for Bobby.

"I didn't think the first lap would mean too much," Allison said, "and so I agreed." But almost immediately the race turned into a seven-car scramble with a whole lot of fender-slapping going on, heavily involving Allison, Turner and David Pearson. "A lot of people thought the Turner thing started right there," Allison said, "but that wasn't so." (The \$500 wasn't so, either. Turner did lead the first lap, but later discovered the offer had been a prank.)

At Winston-Salem, Turner got on Allison's tail and started shoving him all around the track. Allison did the only thing he could. He let Turner's Galaxie get past his Chevelle and began bumping Turner, a natural action but a violent breach of etiquette, which states quite clearly, although as informally as the English constitution, that rookies shall not tangle with their elders, especially if that elder happens to be Curtis Turner. It was now Turner's move, and when he got the opportunity he moved in under Allison and hooked him—spun him out. Again Allison retaliated in the only way he could. He spun Turner out. That ended the preliminaries. By now Turner was a bit more than unhappy with the way the evening was going. He wanted on Allison and, when he got the chance, clobbered the little Chevelle broadside. Allison jumped to the infield with a dead engine. Dead engine? Not on your life. Turner came around again, this time following slowly behind the safety car, which was leading the pack, yellow caution flags fluttering, while the track maintenance crews

cleaned up the debris. By now it was difficult to find an unmarked piece of metal on either car. Allison's "dead" engine suddenly roared to life and—bop—bop—he returned Turner's compliment by slamming him broadside. Both drivers got out of their wrecked ears and without a word returned to the pits.

"I didn't want to do what I did," Allison said, "but I felt I had to. I wasn't happy about it. In fact, I was nervous all the time I was doing it. We really did a job on each other."

That race started and ended the Allison-Turner trouble, apparently with no hard feelings. But NASCAR was not convinced. On the Saturday before Darlington's Labor Day Southern 500, Allison and Turner were paged over the track loudspeaker for an audience with Lin Kuchler, NASCAR executive manager, and Johnny Bruner Sr., a tough old-timer who is the field manager for NASCAR. Kuchler, young and sincere, made a couple of bad jokes and said something like I'm sure there aren't any hard feelings left but if there are let's not tell anybody about them. We love a good image. Now let's shake hands and that will be \$100 each, please, for your trouble. Bruner added, "Yeah, I don't imagine there are any hard feelings left, either, but just in case there are, the next time one of you guys tries something like that you both get suspended for the year." End of audience.

On the surface it was a minor incident, one that might happen half a dozen times a year in the rough-and-tumble world of stock car racing. But this one was a bit different, for it strengthened an opinion held by just about every knowledgeable observer in stock car racing—namely, that Bobby Allison of Hucytown, Ala. is on his way to becoming the next superstar of the Grand National circuit, right up there with Lorenzen and Petty and Johnson and Turner and even those heroes of the past—Fireball Roberts and Little Joe Weatherly. Not because he cracked up a car, of course. Anybody can do that. But because he didn't give way, which is often what automobile racing is all about.

continued



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For Allison it has been the only way. Until this season, when he decided to compete almost exclusively in the Grand Nationals (the best and richest stock car series, for cars no more than three model-years old), his career had been confined to the modified-sportsman-hobby-amateur circuits—the minor leagues of stock car racing—living with and racing against drivers like Coo Coo Marlin, Friday Hassler, Freddy Fryar, Red Farmer and his brother Donnie. Mostly he drove the little modifieds, which are nothing more than souped-up Ford 427s, Chevrolet 327s or “mystery engines” surrounded by reclaimed junk—1934 Chevy coupes or 1938 Ford sedan bodies or whatever else is available. Humpy Wheeler knows all about that. Humpy works for the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. His job is to get stock car drivers to run on Firestones, and he knows just about everything there is to know about the sport. “Compared to the modified circuit,” he says, “Grand National racing is Philadelphia’s Main Line, and almost every top driver has known what it’s like to live on nothing, making ends meet until maybe the big money comes. Everything a driver has is tied up in his own car. If he blows an engine or crashes, that’s it. It’s not like a baseball player who breaks his bat. He just takes another one off the rack. The modifieds are a rough world. Not too many other professional athletes have had their lives threatened by a tire wrench, or done their work half-gassed or popping green hornets or bennies because they’ve got to stay awake to drive three and four nights a week and haul their equipment for eight or nine hours between races. There are so many unwritten rules, especially for rookies—like when you can bump a guy and get away with it, when you can go after the big boys and when you’d better hang back. Things like that. Bobby has broken a lot of these rules, and that is what gets him into trouble, but this is also what will make him great. He’s a charger, and chargers are going to win everything in three, four, five years because the engines and the tires are getting so much better that, in the Grand Nationals, what used to be a 500-mile endurance test is getting to be nothing

more than a sprint. Allison’s got everything—tremendous confidence, especially. There are some drivers who will never get any better, never get out of the modifieds. But they’ll never say that about Bobby.”

The first impression of Allison when he walks onto a track, dressed in loafers, mechanic’s pants and a black nylon jacket, slightly slouched and carrying his racing helmet in a bag like a bowling ball, is that of a shy grasshopper—thin but wiry. He is 28, not old for a race driver, stands 5 feet 11 and after a hefty meal weighs 165 pounds, which is a big improvement over 1955, when he graduated from high school at an anemic 123, too small to do anything except be student manager of the football, basketball and baseball teams. He is a fair bowler (160 average), a proficient water skier, loves to shoot quail and dove at Mud Creek just down below Hueytown, and he neither smokes nor drinks hard liquor, although he is not averse to a beer or two.

A Catholic, he worries that he is not sincere enough about his religion, but with his wife, Judy, attends Mass every Sunday, says the blessing before meals with Judy and their three children, David, 5, Ronnie, 3, and Clifford, 2, joining in, and even in restaurants when the kids are quick enough to remind them. At Rockingham, N.C. in October he gave the pre-race invocation: he was the first driver ever selected for such an honor. “I was very pleased,” Allison said.

Hueytown is a sort of sub-suburb, resting quietly on the outskirts of Bessemer, which in turn rests on the outskirts of Birmingham. Allison’s house is modest enough, with three bedrooms and an adjoining carport and a living room loaded with a TV set and other spoils acquired when he was named NASCAR’s most popular modified driver of 1965. Trophies—huge trophies—fill up most of one end of the living room. A large pop art painting with a stock car theme, given to Allison as part of a racing prize, does not hang there. Judy put her foot down. The residence occasionally has the

continued



Home at Hueytown, Bobby's 2-year-old son, Clifford, wheels his own car past Dad's Grand National Chevrolet as Allison and his brother Eddie prepare to overhaul it for next race.

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WILD RACE *continued*

feel of a town racing forum. Drivers Red Farmer and Donnie Allison live nearby and stop in frequently, and so do the postman, mechanics from a Chevy garage, a restaurant owner who restores cars and other assorted townpeople.

Allison is a pleasant, articulate conversationalist. He smiles easily, and when he does his hawklike face crumbles into wreaths of wrinkles. But on the rare occasions when he loses his temper his brown eyes close to sharp slits, his mouth hardens and, 165 pounds or not, he suddenly becomes a person you would not want to meet in a back alley—or on the No. 3 turn. "He is basically a hard-nosed guy," says Alf Knight, superintendent of the Atlanta International Raceway, the best-managed major track on the NASCAR circuit. "He don't back off from nobody."

Allison has had plenty of opportunities to substantiate that remark. At Atlanta's Peach Bowl Speedway—a third-of-a-mile asphalt oval run by Ernie Moore, a NASCAR flagman who was once cracked cold when a shock bracket came off a car at the International Raceway south of town and skulled him as he stood in his cage not 10 feet above the start-finish line—Allison is a tremendously popular and respected driver. The popularity is due to his success and his personality. The respect comes from a series of memorable duels, which Moore and other stock car insiders recall with relish, with Joe Lee Johnson (who was a Grand National driver until a day at Darlington when he came into the pits and parked his car in mid-race on learning that his chief mechanic and good friend, Paul McDuffie, had been killed by an out-of-control car).

Bobby Allison. "The first time I raced at the Peach Bowl, in 1959, Joe Lee and I had trouble. He bumpbumpbumped me around and then the caution flag came out and Joe Lee got out of his car and came after me and Ernie stopped him. Then the race restarted and Joe Lee did the same thing until the caution came out again and Joe Lee bounced from his car and Ernie stopped him once more. So finally in 1964 the same thing happened all over again and we stopped and got out of our racers and went at each

other. Joe Lee's a pretty big fellow, but all I had to do was throw one good punch and there were 50 guys ready to climb over my back to get at him."

Later, at Huntsville, Ala., Allison ran across four drivers one night who joined in a team to get him good. They stayed with him at all times, weaving in and out, blocking him and bumping him. Allison went to the starter after the evening's first heats and said something about wasn't it strange that they qualified at 14 seconds per lap but were running only 18 seconds in the heats.

"I don't see anything," the starter said, straight-faced.

"Thank you," said Allison. "That's all I need."

He went to each of the four drivers and gave a little speech. "Look," he said, "I'm not asking you to give way, but when I come up behind you pick your lane and stay there. This track's wide enough for two cars. If I can get by you, fine. If I can't, fine. Just give me room."

"I don't know what you're talking about," each of them said.

In the remaining heat races it became apparent the four did indeed know what Allison was talking about. They knocked him all over the place and blocked him and cut him off, and in the consolation race their hotshot drove Allison into the wall.

Allison didn't say a word. He went to the starter and said, "I want to run the feature. Give me 10 minutes and I'll have my car ready."

"Forget it," said the starter. "You don't get nothin'!" So Allison went to his pits, got his car ready and entered the feature on the 17th lap. There were three of the four "team" drivers left, and in short order Allison a) bumped No. 1 out of contention, b) spun No. 2 into the infield and c) waited on No. 3, the hotshot, and stayed with him until the right moment, then yanked his steering wheel sharply to the right and they both went hard into the wall—at the exact spot where Allison had gone in earlier. NASCAR took umbrage to that, too—\$100 worth—but, as Allison said, "I never had any more trouble with them."

At the Martinsville 300, a rare modified appearance for Allison late this

continued

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season, Lee Roy Yarbrough, another Grand National regular slumming it with the modifieds, quickly got on Allison's bumper and shoved him several times shortly after the start, and finally, in the No. 4 turn, nicked Allison as the left rear and spun him out. "I stopped spinning in a backward position," said Allison, "and saw Lee Roy out of the corner of my eye stalled in the infield. I put in the clutch, and the car's momentum carried me into his rear end." The Yarbrough car started to smoke badly. End of the race for Lee Roy; Allison was able to restart.

In *Travel With Charley*, John Steinbeck takes nearly 250 pages to tell of the grandeur of his American odyssey, but near its journey's end he writes: "The road became an endless stone ribbon, the hills obstructions, the trees green blurs, the people simply moving figures with heads but no faces. All the food along the way tasted like soup; even the soup. . . . There was no night, no day, no distance." In these lines Steinbeck might have been paraphrasing Allison. In the South the modified circuit runs in a long, sweeping, haphazard curve from Baton Rouge in Louisiana up through Mississippi and into Mobile, Montgomery, Birmingham and Huntsville, Ala., into Memphis, Nashville and Chattanooga, Tenn., back down to Atlanta and Macon and Augusta, Ga., through the Carolinas—everywhere in the Carolinas—and finally Virginia, through Martinsville and as far north as Richmond. For Allison the past eight years have meant being on the road continuously, a rapid succession of rooming houses and cheap garage apartments, catching sleep whenever he could between races, racing in Mobile on Friday night, Montgomery on Saturday, and Birmingham on Sunday, racing for three to five nights a week to keep enough money on hand to do it all over again the next week, eating undercooked bacon and overcooked eggs at the Eagle Grill and Sue's Hamburger Shop and Tommy's Wayside Inn. But mainly driving all night or all day to get to a city just in time to wheel the racer off the

trailer and qualify, hoping he wouldn't fall asleep at the wrong time, as he did one night on swamp-lined U.S. 17 between Brunswick and Savannah. He awoke and shuddered to a stop not more than 10 feet from the front of a big semi that had been frantically blinking its lights and honking its horn while Allison, slumped over the steering wheel, quietly tooted down the wrong side of the road. Or other times, when he would fall asleep in the driver's seat and Judy would reach over and punch and jab at the steering wheel and accelerator and keep the car on the road as best she could.

The modifieds are at the lower end of racing's social spectrum. The drivers know it, the fans know it and some promoters take advantage of it. In 1960, Allison's second full year of modified racing, he went to Richmond for a 400-lap race without enough money even to buy tires for his car. He borrowed a set and put up a magneto and a carburetor against the prize money as collateral, then finished 12 laps in front of the second-place car. When the race was over, the second-place man, a local driver, made a visual protest, claiming that Allison's car did not have a legal fire wall. Allison was over a barrel. He was several hundred miles from home, he was broke and the "friend" who had loaned him the tires was screaming for Allison's magneto and carburetor, worth about three times the value of the tires. The protest was illegal to begin with—visual protests, which involve the question of legal equipment, have to be made before a race even begins—and invalid, but the NASCAR steward in charge of the race didn't relent until Bobby had paid the runner-up \$100 blackmail money to withdraw the protest.

The promoters do take risks; they put on shows and depend on good crowds to take them out of the red. When the crowds are small, the drivers are often asked to forego their appearance fees and take a cut in the prize money. The drivers have no alternative (half a loaf is better than none and, besides, we need something to show for

continued



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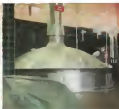
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WILD RACE

this weekend) but to accept the cut against the day when the crowds will be better. But the next time, though the house may be full, the promoters conveniently forget.

Robert Arthur Allison was born in Miami, the fourth oldest of 10 children of a service-station equipment supplier. His grandfather took him to his first race for modified sportsmen at the nearby Opa Locka Speedway when he was 9, and as far as he was concerned, at least, there was little doubt from then on that he would one day race cars himself. He was driving his father's 1949 Studebaker pickup by the time he was 12, and got a Florida driver's license the day he turned 14.

In high school, cars quickly became a passion. He bought a jalopy. On the way to and from school with a group of friends he often drove into empty fields and practiced spinning the car or burning figure eights with the screaming rear tires. In the spring of his senior year he received the reluctant permission of his parents to enter an amateur race at the nearby Hialeah Speedway. "Once I got them by the first hurdle," he recalls "the others became easier." Allison finished a heady 10th in a field of 55 in his first race, for jalopies, but although he took several heat races that spring, he never won a feature. "I did set a couple of records, though. I was the first amateur driver to roll a car at Hialeah, and then the first to roll one twice."

At his high school graduation, after this inauspicious start, Allison postponed his racing career to take a job testing outboard engines for Mercury in Oshkosh, Wis. and Sarasota, Fla. He did nothing to distinguish himself except nearly freeze to death in Lake Winnabigo one winter day when heavy swells sank his boat in 18° weather. He survived that, but not the cantankerous disposition of the Mercury boss, Carl Kiekhaefer, and in June of 1956 returned to Miami.

By then he had learned the skills of a master mechanic. He opened a garage and for the next two years developed this talent further. In 1958 he worked

out a deal to service a modified in exchange for a ride in a hobby car, a racer that may be described as a jalopy with a street engine. His parents, alas, now raised strong objections, so he went underground. From June until September they never suspected that a fellow named Robert Sunderman, whose name kept appearing in the Hollywood, Fla. race-track results, was in real life their very own son, Robert Arthur. He was innocently betrayed at dinner one evening by his younger brother, Tommy, who had gone to work at Hollywood so he could see his big brother race. By then Allison had built his first modified, a '34 Chevy coupe, and was racing whenever he could in the Miami area.

During this period two events took place that had a profound effect on his life, both professionally and personally. In September, 1958, he crashed at Hollywood and his car caught fire. A young blonde in the crowd, Judy Bjorkman, who was sitting with a friend of Allison's, became terribly upset. The friend figured that if a girl could be so unnerved about a thing like that without even knowing the driver, the least he could do was arrange an introduction. Just over a year later, Judy and Bobby were married.

The following spring he and another man were lifting an automatic transmission from a car on a hoist in Allison's garage when his helper suddenly shouted, "I can't hold it!" Allison couldn't let go and his left hand was crushed beneath the heavy weight of the transmission. He was on the involuntarily retired list for nine weeks. "I decided right there," Allison said, "that if I was going to get hurt, I might as well get hurt doing something I like." When he was again operational, he returned to the modified circuit.

He won two features that year, raised his total to seven in 1960, 33 in 1961. The next year he began an amazing string, winning the national modified-special championship (a category within a category) in 1962 and 1963, and the modified title itself in 1964 and 1965.

He rarely entered Grand National events—three in 1961 and eight in 1965. "But," Allison said, "the choice was

continued



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Did Wellington shrink at the heat of Waterloo?

WILD RACE *continued*

between a good modified car and a junker in the Grand Nationals, and I didn't feel it would be worth it just to say I had driven a Grand National every week."

In the meantime, Allison became the king of the bush leagues. "I figure I drove over 80 different tracks," he says. "When I would go to a city, I ran against drivers who were pretty good in their area, but, with all that traveling, there wasn't a track anywhere I wasn't familiar with. It had to give me an edge."

Last winter Allison made his decision to leave the minors pretty much behind and concentrate on the Grand Nationals. His entrée was Mrs. Betty Lilly, the invalid wife of a Valdosta, Ga. realtor, who had been the sponsor of Sam McQuagg, NASCAR's 1965 Rookie of the Year. When McQuagg got a better ride for the 1966 season, Allison signed on with Mrs. Lilly. But after several months of financial haggling, he broke with her. The next day he bought a 1964 Chevelle and went home to Hueytown to make a Grand National racer out of it. Just 16 days and nights and more than \$6,000 later the job was done. He and his brothers, Eddie and Donnie, plus crew member Chuck Looney, had put together a 180-mph brute.

Allison's first full season in the big time was to be a strange one. "This year has been the greatest joy and the greatest heartbreak, the greatest success and the greatest failure of any," he says. The success and joy came for the first times at Oxford, Me. and Islip, N.Y. during a northern tour in July when Bobby won the first two Grand Nationals of his career. There were also intoxicating moments in the Old Dominion 500 at Martinsville, Va. in September, where he passed Cale Yarborough, Junior Johnson, Curtis Turner and Fred Lorenzen within 23 laps to take the lead in the race—only to lose with a blown engine bare laps from the end.

The heartbreak and failure came because he raced as an independent, not a factory-team driver for Plymouth, Dodge, Ford or Mercury. To the fan in the stands the differences between factory and home-built cars may seem minute, but in a game where each little part and each little gimmick can add hunks of speed,

the differences are real—and crucial. The factory men almost always win. After the Curtis Turner bumping incident at Winston-Salem, Turner merely turned over his car to an expert group of mechanics and bodymen under the guidance of Junior Johnson, who is one of Ford's men, and didn't worry about anything until he showed up at Darlington the next week. Allison, on the other hand, drove the 550 miles back to Hueytown that very night and worked frantically for four days putting his car back together. He missed the regular inspection day at Darlington and the first day of qualifying, and wound up running (and winning) a qualifying race on the last day possible to get into the big show. The parts Allison winds up with are not always perfect. As brother Eddie wryly put it, "Quality control ain't all it's cracked up to be."

All of this has produced in Allison a sort of optimistic stoicism born of innate confidence, rugged experience and the clear knowledge that in due time he will cross that thin, thin line that separates the Grand National would-bes and winners. "Everything has its bad moments," he says. "I guess I just feel that when things are going badly they'll eventually take a turn for the good."

How bad could it get? In the space of two weeks last month—before and after the National 500 at Charlotte—Bobby was disturbed because he couldn't discover the cause of an unexpected blown engine, could not obtain vital parts for another engine he was rebuilding, had wiped out his racing budget to pay another parts bill, had been ridiculously overcharged at a Charlotte motel, had learned that Judy was expecting Junior Allison No. 4, and had driven 650 miles to Martinsville for the privilege of tangling with Lee Roy Yarborough. Said Bobby's brother Eddie: "It's a good thing racing's fun."

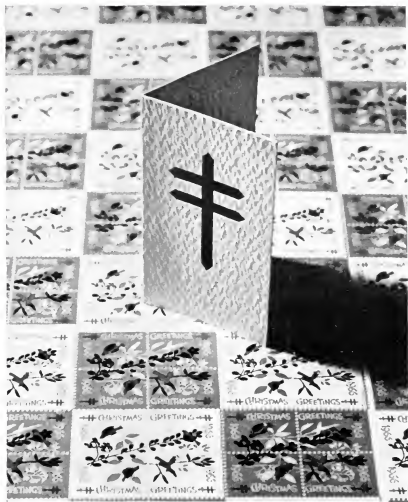
But the bad part now appears to be behind Allison forever. At least three groups have approached him about factory—or at least well-financed—rides for next year. If one of these materializes, as it surely must, then 1967 will be a good deal more fun, and Eddie will be able to take his tongue out of his cheek. **END**



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CHRISTMAS SEALS

YESTERDAY

A Slight Switch in Tradition

by WILLIAM McK. CHAPMAN

There have been some memorable Thanksgivings in my life. There was one in Capri, where I had a villa high on the side of Monte Solaro. It was one of those days that go quickly. We sat there full of wonderful wine and turkey and breathed the golden air and watched the islands down the coast turn three-dimensional in the pale blue sea as the sun descended. Then there was our grandest Thanksgiving in Paris just after the war. The turkey was prepared by Willie, our cook from Alsace. He had sawed the legs, wings and breast off the bird, transforming it into a fancy basket stuffed with boiled chestnuts and decorated with truffles, flowers and fruits. We ate dozens of the French oysters called Hélois, perhaps the world's best, all kinds of vegetables, salads, desserts and the famous cheeses: Roquefort, Camembert, St. Nectaire, Cantal, Brie and others. We were about a dozen, and we drank eight bottles of white and eight bottles of red and a couple of bottles of brandy. The feasting took several hours with time out now and again for some singing. These were ideal days. But the most satisfying Thanksgiving of all came during World War II, when I was working as a mechanic in an aircraft plant outside Trenton, N.J.

I had been rejected by Uncle Sam's military service not because I am, as a friend put it, built like a Perrier bottle, but because of my age and a number of dependents. When I went into that factory to do My Bit, the image I had created for myself was one of Aircraftman Chapman, but I soon realized I was simply riveter-assembler 13-1973 and for richer or for poorer, a member of Local Union 731, International Union, United Automobile Aircraft & Agricultural Implement Workers of America (CIO).

On that Thanksgiving Day I left my bed at 4:30 as usual to get to the plant before 6 and punch the clock in plenty of time. A lopsided moon was falling over Trenton; a sharp wind blew across the icy river. From quite a distance—a mile or so from the factory—you could see

white clouds of steam billowing into the moonlit sky.

Although I hated the plant, there was something electric about going into its warmth and hustle on the cold tag end of the night.

It was a usual day at the plant with my drill motor driving all thought from my mind as it and I installed a tailgunner's window in No. 4 plane. My head was still humming at 2 o'clock, and I was hungrily thinking of the coming turkey dinner as I put my tools away and went out into a white world. It had started snowing. Driving up the Pennsylvania side of the river I saw lots of ducks, mostly mallards and bluebills. Nearer home I saw some Canada geese and, quite rare, two swans. As I rounded the bend between Sullivan's and our house, I saw a big cock pheasant glide into the little field south of our barn. It strengthened my thoughts of turkey.

I put the car in the barn and went straight to the kitchen door. Ann and her mother, Dandy, were working around among some steaming pots. I was still in my white coveralls, stained with Thiokol, putty and hydraulic fluid.

"How big a bird did you get?" I asked.

"All they had were tough, old, blue, skinny things," Ann said, looking squarely at me. Then she delivered the stunning blow.

"We're having roast pork."

My head started to swim and I may have tottered a bit.

"Pork? On Thanksgiving?" I hurtled.

"I love roast pork," Ann said, and that was all.

As I left the kitchen I thought that Dandy, too, gave me a withering look.

Of course, they were from South Carolina and had spent many years living in Europe where turkey was not a big thing. But, after all, my first Chapman ancestor in this country had come to Ipswich, Mass. about 1633, and there was a turkey tradition of over 300 years about to be violated.

I went into the living room where sons Billy, 16, and Benny, 3, and Sport,

continued

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Slight Switch continued

a border collie, were sitting around the big, hissing fireplace.

"Did you hear? No turkey," I said.

"Yes, Pop," Billy said, depressed.

Benny was trying to look depressed, too, and said, "No turkey."

Sport seemed ill at ease. I wondered if he was going to have a fit: he'd had several in the few months since he had walked one day into our lives.

I had a desperate thought.

"Put on some boots and coats and meet me on the front porch," I said.

I went upstairs and put on a shooting jacket over my coveralls and a fore-and-aft tweed hat that I had picked up some years back in Scotland. I got my old Parker 12-gauge out of my closet and a handful of shells. As an afterthought I grabbed the sick seat that I had not used since I had watched Bobby Jones win The Amateur at Merion, the year he took it all.

I joined the boys and Sport on the porch. The wind had quieted and the snow was sifting down, fine and soft.

"Now, men," I said, as we crossed the road, "you come down the field and make a lot of noise."

Ann opened the kitchen door to see what was going on.

"Come on," I called. "You come, too."

When Ann came over I said "You and the boys spread out and come down through the field. There might be a bird. But wait until you hear the whistle from the bottom end before you start."

So I left them standing in the gentle snow and walked down the field a hundred yards to the fence on the Sullivans' line. I turned into the field of brown brambles and sumac, lightly dusted with snow. There was no bright color, except for the orange and red fruit of the hittersweet vine entwined on the fence. I walked in toward the river about halfway, or 25 yards, opened the sick seat and stuck the end into the hard ground.

When I was comfortably seated with my loaded gun across my knees I whistled and heard in answer some shouts. When the beaters were about halfway down the field I began to lose confidence.

I was keeping an eye on a clump of sumac in the middle of the field, with one open spot, and suddenly I saw a huge bird run into it, scooting low. At about that moment it saw me, ran to the right and with a wild "kuk-kuk"

took off for a haven in the lowlands across the canal and beside the river.

I have never seen a larger pheasant and seldom had an easier shot, and in view of the company I was in—a wife with a pork roast in the oven and two sons—thank heaven I did not miss, but brought him down stone dead with the first barrel.

My excited beaters soon came crashing through the sumacs.

"Did you get him?"

"Did you get him?"

"Did you get him?"

I played the role right to the end, and still sitting on my sick seat pointed toward the canal.

"You'll find him right over there," I said without looking up. I picked a few hurs off my soiled coveralls and tugged my fore-and-aft down a bit.

There was a great whooping when they found the bird, and Billy brought it over and held it out at arm's length. The pheasant was as big as it had seemed to me when I looked over the barrels of my gun.

I rose, took some of the bittersweet vine from the fence, bound the bird's feet together and hung him on the end of the gun. I put the gun over my shoulder, and we marched down the road in single file—Pilgrim fashion, singing *Gaude, Gaude, Gaude*, because we knew it better than "Come, ye faithful people, come, Raise the song of harvest-home."

As we were dressing the bird and feathers were flying all over the kitchen, Sport had a mild fit under the table at Dandy's feet. Steam was hissing out of the rice cooker, the pork roast was sizzling in the oven, a smelt of mince pie was in the air, the top blew off a pressure cooker and Benny was stamping around saying, "Bang! Bang!"

"Ah," said Dandy in her coolest voice, "it's all just like an old Flemish painting, isn't it?"

The pheasant probably weighed about five pounds. I left it with Billy and Ben to roast over the living room fire while I went up to bathe and change.

Dinner was about an hour late. The pork was tender and sweet. The pheasant was pretty tough, yet it had a particularly wonderful flavor and one that I have tasted neither before that Thanksgiving nor since. It tasted, I thought, just a hule bit like turkey.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GRAND SLAM

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's story about our big bridge tournament was simply superb (*The Denver Post-Herald* in Stollon, Nov. 14). This is the unanimous opinion of the 32 players assembled here in Pittsburgh for the International Team Trials. Having read several of Mr. Olsen's previous efforts, on many varied subjects, I would have to rank him among the great writers of this or any time.

ELIAS F. ERKOS

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I have never at any time in my life played bridge, nor do I ever expect to. Nevertheless, I thought that Jack Olsen's *Denver Post-Herald* article that has appeared in your magazine since John Steinbeck's *Then Mr. Aron Glazed Up* (Dec. 20, 1965) Mr. Olsen has somehow captured in print the kind of moment that happens to us all the thrill, panic and heartbreak that accompanies a wild scheme. In doing so, he has proved emphatically that he is the Max Shalman of sportswriters. May he continue to trump—or whatever.

ANDREW C. CROOK

Allentown, Pa.

Sirs:

Thank you, thank you, thank you. Jack Olsen's story had me doubling up and trying to read through near-magical glasses. I nearly strangled with laughter.

Speaking of dogmatism, at a Bramford, Ont., sectional bridge tournament some years ago, two "little old ladies" won the qualifying round in the afternoon with a 216 (that's good) but didn't show up for the evening game! It seems they had come down to the hotel to play in an "afternoon bridge," like the ones they were used to.

JOHN G. ARMSTRONG

Resdale, Ont.

HEAVEN AND HADES

Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent article, *America's Best Ski Run* (Nov. 14). I wish you'd kept quiet about Twin Six Valley, though. For years now, this has been the world's best sking, but, if you continue to talk about it, they'll soon have waiting lines and crowded slopes.

THOMAS R. BROWN III

Chicago

Sirs:

Your selection will undoubtedly elicit screams of pain and outrage from the hundreds of skiers who feel that their particular favorite should have been chosen instead.

Their choices will be no better than yours, but with the right combination of sun, weather, equipment, skiing ability and companions, any run and every run can become a "best." That's what makes—and keeps—skiing so fascinating.

WOLFGANG LERT

San Francisco

Sirs:

For next year's selection I nominate the Hades run at Purgatory in southwestern Colorado. Hades, a new run, should be just as heavenly as the others.

J. R. DUNSTAN

Durango, Colo.

STEVE AND THE MRS.

Sirs:

John Underwood's article, *A Bidding* (lower new S.O.S. (Nov. 14), had a confusing total of four paragraphs on the Georgia-Florida game. The first was Steve Spurrer. Underwood seemed to imply that Purdue's Bob Griese is somehow of the Heisman award, but that a so-called Midwestern Blue would vote for him rather than for the more deserving Spurrer. Well, I'd like to inform Mr. Underwood that Bob Griese is not only the top collegiate quarterback and best pro prospect, but also the best clutch performer. After all, he has led Purdue to victory against all opposition except Notre Dame and Michigan State, the top two teams in the nation. What's more, he has led the Boilermakers to their first Rose Bowl appearance in the school's history. Anyone who thinks him not worthy of the Heisman Trophy must be out of his mind.

JOHN JANIA

Chicago

Sirs:

We here in Boilermaker I and don't call Griese the "best," rather, we call him "better"—better than any other college football player north, south, east, west or straight up! Tune in Jan. 2 and see.

PAUL DREXLER

Greencastle, Ind.

Sirs:

As a University of Florida football fan, I wish to commend you for your article on Steven Orr Spurrer. Here is a player whose greatness cannot be hidden even in the inglorious agony of defeat, as you so aptly pointed out. Attributes of his ability are few and far between. I am only sorry that your reporters could not have seen Steve Spurrer at his best, for that, I'm sure, is the eighth wonder of the world.

C. A. PHILLIPS JR.

Tampa

Sirs:

I'm sure most other single male college students feel the same as I do. We are incessant admirers of Steve Spurrer—not just because he is a superb athlete, but because of his gorgeous wife. Jerry Spurrer is beautiful. It was for this reason alone that I bought your magazine. I wanted to hang Mrs. Spurrer's picture over my desk, so that when I feel depressed I can look at that beautiful face.

By the way, Steve Spurrer is the best college quarterback ever!

BILL GIBSON

Brunswick, Me.

NO DUST

Sirs:

I don't know how Bernie Goffman (*One More Bout in Bow*, Nov. 14) looked when he was in his "prime," but he looked pretty good to me the other night, when he scored one goal and assisted on three others, as the Rangers beat Montreal 6-3. I'd say it was a pretty loud bowler for the Bowler.

FRANK H. McANENY

Summit, N.J.

Sirs:

If, as SI says, the New York Rangers "once again look like a good bet to finish last," what sport are the Boston Bruins going to take up? Just because Boston beat out the Blues by one point last year, it doesn't mean they've deserved the cellar for good.

JOHNNY D. RUDOLPH

Palo Alto, Calif.

JOE'S CORNER

Sirs:

Your November 14 *SCORECARD* item on Joe Palooka's long-overdue defense of his heavyweight title was a delight, except for the punch line. You imply that Joe's 10-year absence from the boxing scene was largely due to the fact that the "old" editor of the *McNaught Syndicate*, which edits and distributes the comic strip I draw, was a woman. In all fairness to that great lady editor, Mrs. Mildred Bellah, I would like to bring the word up to date. *McNaught's* ban on boxing was not her idea. As a matter of fact, Joe's current fight with King Abino of Zbrojka was arranged, and all preliminaries gotten under way, with Mrs. Bellah's approval before she went into semiretirement. The ban was eased largely because of the interest stimulated by SI's earlier article on Joe Palooka (April 19, 1965).

We're all happy to see Joe boxing again. And, incidentally, the odds are 7 to 5 Joe will win this match.

TOMMY DI PRUITO

Old Greenwich, Conn.

(Continued)

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19TH HOLE

VIEW FROM THE TOP

SUN

As a graduate of Selo Tech (North Dakota State University) and as governor of North Dakota, I was very pleased that you would pay tribute to the best small-college football team in the nation (*LA Days to Bury the Dies*, Oct. 11). However, as I read your article, I found myself wondering if your football writer had not confused our state with some *lumber* location like New York or California.

I have lived in this part of the country all of my life and was surprised to learn that migrating geese zip over the state of North Dakota. If several weeks' layover is a zip, then come on over to North Dakota yourselves for a couple of zips and enjoy the most fantastic goose shooting in all of the 50 states. About 50% of all the wild ducks raised in the U.S. waddle up to their first water hole in North Dakota.

Your statement about the motorist who was anxious to get over the border before he ran out of gas also leaves me somewhat mystified. In the first place, North Dakota has the finest road system of all states, and we are the fifth-ranking state in the nation in crude oil reserves. All of the gasoline you could possibly burn is manufactured right here in North Dakota.

I also want to tell you a bit more about our weather. The sun comes up a little earlier, shines a little brighter and sets a little later here than it does in any other part of the nation. I once had to look up the word *stargazing* in a dictionary to find out what it was, since we don't have anything like it here. It is very true that we have four seasons, but it embarrasses us that we don't accumulate enough snow to become a skier's paradise. The darned white stuff either doesn't fall or melts right off. We do not grow bananas, however.

It is not uncommon for North Dakota to have a top-ranking collegiate basketball team, and quite often we have the finest collegiate hockey team in the nation. If it were not for the very attractive (perhaps the phrase) educational opportunities at college-state colleges, our North Dakota athletes would probably stay home and help us dominate most athletic events. Roger Maris would probably agree that if it were not for the baseball he spent in North Dakota he could never have broken Babe Ruth's home-run record.

I hope that your venture into our Great Plains country will have pricked your curiosity enough to send reporters here more often. A lot on the truck from SPRINTS (11-11) SPORTS finds right up there with a four-year athletic scholarship. And since we have so few of the latter, we greatly appreciate the former.

WILLIAM E. GOY

Bismarck, N. Dak.

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